

ANALECTIC MAGAZINE.

FOR FEBRUARY, 1813.

Memoirs of the Public Life of JOHN HORNE TOOKE, Esq. Containing a particular Account of his Connexions with the most eminent Characters of the Reign of George III. His trial for Sedition, High Treason, &c. With his most celebrated Speeches in the House of Commons, on the Hastings, Letters, &c. By W. Hamilton Reid. 8vo. pp. 192. London. 1812.

[From the Quarterly Review, for June, 1812.]

THIS is the only Life of Mr. Tooke we have yet seen. It is a miserable performance, below contempt as to style, information, and talent. We think it somewhat discreditable to the Jacobin school, that they have not been able to produce a better account of a person, who, with all his faults, was in this country their principal ornament and support. A good memoir upon this subject would be a useful accession to our stock of biography, literary and political. When we speak of a memoir, we, of course, do not mean a large quarto, or two large quartos, for with such it is said we are threatened—eked out with declamations and histories about the American war—dissertations upon the author of Junius—‘diatribes’ upon the French revolution, and the speeches of the Attorney General and Mr. Erskine—but a book resembling this before us in size, and in nothing else—in which credit shall be given to the reader for a general acquaintance with the history of the last fifty years—in which therefore the main subject will not be overwhelmed by a mass of extraneous matter,—in short, a life of Mr. Tooke, in which Mr. Tooke shall be the principal feature, and in which all that is material to be known of this extraordinary man shall be diligently collected, clearly arranged, and fairly related. We feel it the more necessary to give this warning, because it has been very much the practice of late years, under pretence of writing

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biography, to deluge the public with vast quantities of contemporaneous history, which serve no other purpose than that of puzzling and fatiguing the reader, and adding to the size and price of the volume. A king, a minister, or a general may be so distinguished, that all the transactions of the age in which he lived may, without impropriety, be considered in reference to him; but, generally speaking, the object of biography is to furnish not that which *is*, but that which is *not* to be found in the history of the times; and great public transactions ought only to be mentioned incidentally, with just so much of detail as is necessary to prevent confusion, and to preserve the thread of the narrative unbroken.

But though we see how the Life of Mr. Tooke ought to be written, it is not our duty, nor indeed do we possess the means to supply that desideratum in literature. We can only offer a few detached remarks upon his history and character, which, though they will probably have no other merit, will at least have that of impartiality. During his life we were not exempt from those feelings of hostility, which great and irreconcilable difference upon political questions, at an anxious and difficult period, is calculated to excite; but we know ourselves ill if we cannot now speak as calmly and fairly of the philosopher and politician of Wimbledon, as if he had flourished in Rome or Athens five-and-twenty centuries ago.

In considering his political career, the most material circumstance, that which it is most necessary to keep steadily in view, in order to form a correct and candid estimate of his character is, that he was from beginning to end, a man labouring under great, perpetual, irremovable civil disabilities. He had been unfortunate (we say so without fear of being misinterpreted) in his choice of a profession: for it is a real misfortune to a man of an enterprising disposition, *natus rebus agendis*, to become a member of an order, in which propriety and duty enjoin a sparing and partial interference with the concerns of the world, and in which, if propriety and duty are found too feeble restraints, the law interposes with a strong arm, to curb profane activity and unprofessional exertions. What a man *ought* to do under such circumstances is obvious: but such is the weakness of human nature, that what he ought to do is, we are afraid, not what he is always likely to do—certainly, the very reverse of what Mr. Tooke did do. In fact his whole life seems to have been spent in an unavailing and ungraceful struggle to extricate himself from the restraints which his situation imposed upon him. He was for ever beating himself against the bars of his cage; and such is the power of passion over reason, that neither the exercise of his penetrating and vigorous understanding, nor

the experience of constant failures were sufficient to prevent him from wasting his strength in an idle endeavour to pass the magic circle which law and custom had drawn around him. Hence all his exertions wanted both dignity and effect: and his extraordinary talents were productive of little true glory to himself, and scarcely of any benefit to the world.

Mr. Tooke was born with an iron constitution of body and mind; he was endowed with persevering industry, armed with unshaken courage, and stimulated by a restless ambition. These qualities should carry their possessor very far in a free country. But the barrier was insurmountable. Gifted with the talents of a great performer, he was compelled throughout to play inferior parts. As a politician he was always below himself; always acting in subordination to his equals, or on a level with those whom nature and education had placed at an immeasurable distance beneath him. He began his career as an assistant in a struggle, from which the mock patriot Wilkes derived all the glory, and all the advantage; and he ended it by dividing the credit of turbulent, unsuccessful, and unpopular resistance to sound principles and lawful authority with Messrs. Hardy and Thelwall. He could not be a lawyer, therefore he resisted the law, and reviled those who administered it. He could not be a statesman, nay, not even a demagogue, and therefore he was content to become a factious partizan, a low agitator, to insult those whom he could not rival, and to disturb a country in the government of which he never could have a share. Disappointment and envy had taken possession of his whole soul, soured his temper, narrowed his views, and perverted his judgment. It was his habit 'to speak evil of dignities,' to assail by ridicule or invective all those persons and things, which, by the common feeling of the rest of the world, were marked out as objects of reverence and admiration. He professed, indeed, to admire the constitution of his country; but it was the constitution as it was said to exist at some remote and never defined period, not the constitution such as it now is, under which, according to him, every species of corruption and injustice had grown up and flourished; and he delighted to carp at that beneficent system of law, to which of all men living he was the most deeply indebted. The mild spirit and lenient administration of English justice were never more clearly exemplified than in the impunity of a man who was constantly treading upon the very verge of crimes that aimed at nothing less than the entire ruin of the state, and whose delight it was to insult the best feelings of the country at a time of universal danger, alarm and irritation. The same temper of mind rendered him unjust to almost every species of excellence in his contemporaries. Among the

objects of his particular and personal antipathy, are to be numbered nearly all the great men of his age and country. He hated Dr. Johnson, he hated Mr. Burke, he hated Lord Mansfield, he hated Mr. Pitt, he hated Mr. Fox, and he spoke of them without any of that respect or forbearance which great talents and high station, and the esteem of the greatest part of the world generally extort from less resolute, or less acrimonious adversaries.

The Ishmael of literature and politics, his hand was against every man's hand, and every man's hand was against him. '*Oderint dum metuant*' seems to have been his motto, and provided he could excite surprise by his paradoxes, and terror by his abuse, he cared little for public esteem, and looked to no more important or more salutary effect. His writings and speeches are all composed in a confident, accusatory tone. It is not enough for him to show that his adversaries must be wrong, but he is equally determined to prove that they must be dishonest. Dissent from his opinion was not mere intellectual weakness, but moral guilt. No man ever more resolutely threw away the scabbard in every attack.—He seems to have considered the present order of things as one in which he could find no proper place, and he therefore consoled himself by waging irreconcilable war against all those by whom it was upheld. He does not appear to have acted upon any particular system, or to have directed his efforts towards any particular object. In fact, the occasions which allowed much active interference on his part but seldom occurred. A popular election, conducted with circumstances of extreme party violence, or a society formed to alter the constitution or control the government, were his chief opportunities for distinction, and upon these he seized with great eagerness, and availed himself of them with great ability. But these brilliant moments soon passed away: the election was decided, or the society was suppressed, and he was condemned to pass through a long interval of quiet and obscurity. One of his earliest, strongest, and most enduring feelings was antipathy to the House of Commons. But like most other innovators, he seems to have thought that there was no harm in taking advantage of the present system so long as it lasted. Old Sarum, that standing insult to the theory of representation, that bye-word among the reformers, had the singular honour of returning the Reverend Mr. Tooke to parliament, who took his seat (apparently) without any scruple as to the number or quality of his constituents: nor does his dislike to the present order of things appear to have reached its utmost height, till the doors of the house had been finally barred against him by an act of the legislature.

We are aware that the character we have been drawing, so far as we have hitherto proceeded in the delineation, is not particularly calculated to excite affection or respect. Yet we own that we are much more inclined to regard this waste of his talents, and this perversion of his feelings, with regret and compassion than with severity and anger. There is nothing that has so unfavourable an effect upon the heart and the understanding, nothing that so completely sours the milk of human kindness, as long disappointment and immovable restraint. By a step taken so early in life, that he was excusable at least if he did not at once perceive all its consequences, he was debarred from the fair exercise of those talents with which he was most highly gifted, and cut off from the attainment of those objects of which he was naturally most desirous. We all know the vast share accident has in forming the greatest, the wisest, and most virtuous men; and we shall not do justice to the character of Mr. Tooke if we blame him for what he was, without considering what, under more propitious circumstances, he might have been. He was, as we have had already occasion to remark, the enemy of almost all the eminent men of his time. But if his fetters had been struck off, if he had been suffered to come down into the arena, and contend with them upon equal terms, a malignant and impotent hostility might have given place to manly emulation and generous rivalry. Let us not, however, be misunderstood as meaning to approve the conduct of those who, having once engaged in a profession in which the best faculties of man may be employed to the best purpose, instead of bending their minds to the accomplishment of its important duties, waste their days in unbecoming endeavours to mix in struggles which they ought to shun, and in unavailing aspirations after a greatness which they have renounced. We have only ventured to offer an imperfect excuse arising from the general weakness of the human character, and to plead, as it were, in mitigation of that heavy censure which must at any rate fall upon talents idly wasted or mischievously misapplied.

Remarkable however as those talents were, we do not think they were of the first order. In a favourable situation he might have been more eminent, and would undoubtedly have been more useful; but under no circumstances could he have been a really great man. Promptitude, acuteness, and activity, not grandeur and comprehension, were the characteristics of his mind. All its operations were confined to a narrow sphere. What he saw he saw clearly, but his vision did not extend far. Wholly occupied in the squabble of the day, and anxious about the petty point which it was his immediate desire to carry, he seems to have preserved no just sense of the relative magnitude

of objects, and behaved as if the fate of mankind had depended upon the event of the Middlesex or Westminster election. A few questions of merely domestic and national policy (none of them, except parliamentary reform, of much importance) seem to have engrossed all his attention. In the treatment of them he always displays infinite subtlety and ingenuity, and often a great deal of wit: but his chief merit after all seems to have consisted not so much in the choice and temper of his weapons, as in the dexterity with which he handles them. His topics and arguments were the topics and arguments of an ordinary man, only stated with more address and urged with more earnestness and force, but not drawn (like those of Mr. Burke) from the inexhaustible stores of an exuberant, elevated, and comprehensive mind. His strength lay in the 'argumentum ad hominem,' and in a sort of ingenious lively special pleading upon details. In these he delighted to dwell, and showed no desire to escape from them to more general and important speculations. He was better pleased in the detection of error than in the investigation of truth; more anxious to confute and ridicule an adversary than to establish any doctrines of his own. His speeches and political writings, those at least that are known to be his, are few and inconsiderable. It is to the name of the writer alone that they are indebted for having survived the occasions that gave them birth; and we should search them in vain for any traces of that sublime eloquence and profound wisdom which adorn the works of the author of the 'Reflections.' If we were to pursue any farther a comparison which, perhaps, it is hardly fair to institute, we should say, that while it was the tendency of Mr. Burke's mind to give dignity and interest even to matters of a secondary and fugitive kind, by treating them in reference to general principles and more important subjects, it was Mr. Tooke's disposition rather to narrow the ground, and to descend to that which was local, temporary, and personal, even when engaged in the consideration of questions which it was natural to treat upon a more enlarged scale.

His style is strongly impressed with the character of his mind;—neat, clear, precise, and forcible, free from affectation, void of ornament. We do not think he is ever vulgar; but he is full of that 'genuine Anglicism' of which the course of his studies rendered him at once an admirer and a master—that native idiom which the brilliant success of some of those who have written English as a foreign language, has, within the last fifty years, brought into disuse, and almost into oblivion. The most finished specimen of his composition is probably to be found in the two or three letters written in answer to the attacks of Junius; and he had the honour, which in those days was

deemed no inconsiderable one, of being the only knight that returned with his lance unbroken from a combat with that unknown but terrible champion. If he wants the exquisite polish and the brilliant invective of his adversary, that dextrous malignity which comes in with such effect to blacken a character by insinuation, after invective has exhausted its powers, and, above all, that well sustained tone of austere dignity which gives to Junius the air and authority of a great personage in disguise; he is superior to him in facility, vivacity, and that appearance of plainness and sincerity which is of such importance in controversial writings. The great fault of Junius is a sort of stiffness and appearance of labour. His compositions smell too much of the lamp. He wanted nothing to be a perfect master of his art, but the power of concealing it. Mr. Tooke's letters have the flow, unity, and simplicity which belong to writings struck off at a heat, and which depend for their effect rather upon the general powers of the writer than upon great nicety and labour in the particular instance. In justice to Junius, *as a writer*, we must add that he was labouring under the disadvantages of a weak case. It is evident that he was early and deeply sensible of his own mistake; and he was therefore glad to put an end to the contest as soon as possible, even at the price of leaving his adversary in possession of the field; a humiliation to which he would not have submitted but from the consciousness of his having originally selected an unfavourable ground.

In speaking of Mr. Tooke's intellectual character we have hitherto omitted to notice one of its most striking features, the love of paradox; a disposition which, though the natural companion of subtlety and ingenuity, was, we believe, never found combined with true greatness of mind. To add to the difficulty of a proposition by a quaint unusual method of enunciating it, to display a vain dexterity in defence of an acknowledged error, to dress up truth in a strange masquerade garb, in hopes that somebody will mistake her for falsehood—these are frivolous childish amusements, and indicative of an unsound or ill-regulated understanding. No man that possessed the reasoning power in its full perfection was ever willing to waste it in drawing a stare from ignorance and vulgarity: on the contrary, those who have contributed most to enlarge the bounds of human knowledge, by the discovery of new and important truths, have almost always been anxious to place them in that point of view in which they would give the least possible alarm, and win their way to a general acceptance with the least possible opposition from the common prejudices and feelings of the world. But truth and error, *as such*, were almost indifferent to Mr. Tooke. He was more a sophist than a philosopher, and was always most

inclined to maintain that proposition, whatever it might be, that afforded him the best opportunity of exhibiting to advantage his argumentative acuteness and skill. He was a sort of intellectual juggler; and provided he could keep the multitude gaping at the dexterity with which he handled his cup and balls, he cared very little what farther effect the spectacle might have upon their mind.

We shall naturally be expected to say something of Mr. Tooke's philosophical writings; but this is a subject into which our limits do not permit us to enter at large. Besides, it has been lately discussed with such ability, and in a manner, to us at least, so satisfactory, that we could do very little more than repeat to our readers remarks that have already been made with infinitely greater force and authority.

Shortly, however, our opinion is this,—that though Mr. Tooke's philosophical works are the result of no common talent and industry, yet they are neither written in a truly philosophical spirit, nor display traces of a mind, which, even if it had been wholly dedicated to the study of metaphysics, would have much enlarged the bounds of our knowledge in that nice and intricate branch of science. His object seems to have been rather to retard, than to advance the progress of philosophy, by recalling us from those sound conclusions as to the nature and operations of the human mind, which are built upon observation and experience, to vague speculations drawn from the imperfect analogy existing between the moral and the physical world. There can be no doubt that the proposition which he has succeeded in establishing, is highly interesting and important; and that in the illustration of it, he has shown great learning, ingenuity, and research. But then, on the other hand, he has so monstrously exaggerated its importance, and so widely mistaken its tendency, and has attempted to raise so vast a superstructure, upon such a narrow, slippery, and inadequate foundation, that we are quite lost in amazement when we recollect how completely the sagacity which guided him so well in the investigation of his principal fact, appears to desert him when he comes to apply that fact to the purposes of a theory. The distance between what he has proved and what he wishes us to believe that he has proved, is enormous. What he has proved is, that all words, even those that are expressive of the nicest operations of our minds, were originally borrowed from the objects of external perception,—a circumstance highly curious in the history of language, consequently in the history of the human mind itself, and the complete demonstration of which of course reflects great credit upon its author.—What he thinks he has proved is, that this etymological history of words

is our true guide, both as to the *present* import of the words themselves, and as to the nature of those things which they are intended to signify—a proposition so monstrous, that he has nowhere ventured to enunciate it in its general form, but has rather left it to be collected from the tenor of his remarks upon particular instances. In truth, the inferences at which Mr. Tooke arrived, so far from being warranted by his facts, are directly the contrary of those to which he ought naturally to have been led by the result of his own studies, when they were most successful. In tracing upwards through all the mazes of etymology, the origin of words, he ought to have seen more clearly, if possible, than any body else, that their *real present* sense is not to be sought for in their primitive signification, or in the elements of which they were originally composed, but that on the contrary their *actual import*, with which alone in reasoning we have to do, hardly ever corresponds with their etymological meaning, although the one always bears to the other a certain resemblance, more or less accurate, according to the greater or less effect of time and accident. One could without difficulty understand, how a person unaccustomed to such considerations, and misled by a few instances partially chosen, should adopt a theory like that which Mr. Tooke was desirous to establish; but how a philosopher minutely acquainted with the whole subject, and proceeding upon a most copious induction of particulars, should not have perceived that in ninety-nine instances out of a hundred, such a doctrine would lead to absolute absurdity, is, to us at least, inconceivable. We will take a single instance, which will better explain what we mean. It is one of those which have been already selected by Mr. Stewart; (vide *Diversions of Purley*, vol. 2, p. 403.)

‘True, as we now write it; or trew, as it was formerly written, means simply and merely,—that which is trowed. And, instead of its being a rare commodity upon earth, except only in words, there is nothing but truth in the world.

‘That every man, in his communication with others, should speak that which he troweth, is of so great importance to mankind, that it ought not to surprize us, if we find the most extravagant and exaggerated praises bestowed upon truth.’

Now we apprehend that this passage contains one very questionable proposition, and two more that are absolutely false.

In the first place, we think it very doubtful whether those who first formed the noun ‘truth’ from the verb ‘to trow,’ meant to limit their new-coined word to the sense, which in strictness it seems to bear. It appears a much more natural ac-

count of the matter to say, that having found or believing they had found, that what '*is trowed*,' is commonly the same as '*what is*,' they were content that the one expression should be considered universally as synonymous with the other, and therefore used the word '*truth*,' from the very beginning, in precisely the same sense as that in which we now employ it. Or the history of this word may be the same as that of *ἀλήθεια* in Greek. To speak what one thinks or *trows*, is in a moral sense to speak *truth*,—that is, not to conceal or disguise what is in the mind; and the word being once generally adopted for expressing moral truth, was in process of time naturally extended to physical; nothing being more common in popular practice, than to include a whole class of kindred ideas under one term,—especially where the distinction between them is of a subtle abstract nature, and out of the range of vulgar observation. But supposing, (what for the sake of the argument we will admit,) that they intended to use the word in its more confined and strictly derivative meaning; still, what becomes of Mr. Tooke's inference, that it is, or ought to be (for we are not quite sure which he means) employed in no other meaning now? What is this but to set up the supposed practice of a barbarous period, against the universal consent of whole ages of civilization and learning? Is not language purely conventional? And are not words merely the signs by which men have agreed to convey (as well as they can) certain ideas? And is it not therefore to the last degree idle, to talk of the precise etymological signification, or the intention of the Anglo-Saxons, as that which ought to outweigh the unbroken custom of a whole nation through eight or nine centuries? But it is only wasting time to argue against such a doctrine; let us however advance a step farther in concession, and allow not only that the word '*truth*' was originally used in its strict etymological signification, but that out of respect to the Heptarchy, it ought to be used only in that signification,—and still we should not be one particle nearer to Mr. Tooke's last and most monstrous conclusion; namely, that there is no such thing as '*truth*,' in the sense in which we have erroneously presumed to use the word for several hundred years past. Nothing more could be inferred from either proposition, than that which is directly stated in them—that the subjects of Ethelwolf and Wurgan had no notion of eternal immutable truth,—and that we have no business to use their word to convey ideas different from those which they annexed to it:—in short it would be shown that the language was imperfect; but the metaphysical question about *truth*, would remain just where it stood before.

In describing generally the character of Mr. Tooke, we have already anticipated some remarks which are particularly applicable to this part of his writings. One is every where shocked by the insolent confidence with which he promulgates his own doctrines, by his contempt for the opinions of all other men, by the strange mixture of factious politics and personal abuse with grammar and metaphysics, and, more than all, by his unworthy contumelious treatment of the most illustrious amongst his contemporaries.

It is not only with the spirit that reigns through the *Diversions of Purley* that we are displeased; we think the form and arrangement of the work equally objectionable.

The authority of the ancients may be pleaded in favour of dialogue as a vehicle for philosophical discussion, though some of the principal reasons which determined them to adopt that form no longer exist. It seems however particularly ill adapted to the investigation in which Mr. Tooke was engaged. The greater part of his work (we do not say so with any view to disparage it) consists of mere lexicography—the enumeration, derivation, and definition of words. Now, without denying that these are subjects which the form of a conversation is best suited to explain, we must own, that a dictionary by mode of dialogue, though perfectly novel, and perhaps ingenious, does not appear to us a very happy invention. It is, however, extremely well calculated for one purpose which Mr. Tooke evidently had in view throughout his work, that of avoiding any clear, formal, precise explanation of his system, and of the principles which he was desirous to establish. ‘In general,’ (to use the words of Mr. Stewart,) ‘he seems purposely to have confined himself to a statement of premises without pointing out (except by application or *innuendo*) the purposes to which he means them to be applied; a mode of writing which, by throwing an air of mystery over his real design, and by amusing the imagination with the prospect of some wonderful secret afterwards to be revealed, has given to his truly learned and original disquisitions a degree of celebrity amongst the smatterers in science, which they would never have acquired if stated concisely and systematically in a didactic form.’ Unluckily for him, however, this is not the age of mystery, but of free discussion and unreserved disclosure. No man can receive credit for an unknown capital of knowledge which he is unable or unwilling to produce upon demand. The very attempt to obtain it is justly considered as bordering upon imposture; and Mr. Tooke would have been the first to entertain, and the loudest to proclaim, doubts of any other person that presented himself to the world under circumstances so suspicious. The truth is, he had no farther disco-

veries to make; if he had, his vanity would have insured the production of them in the thirty years that elapsed between the publication of his letter to Mr. Dunning, (which contained the germ of his subsequent philological writings,) and the close of his literary career. But he was unable to deny himself the petty gratification of raising an exaggerated opinion of his talents among the ill informed part of his readers, by pretensions which he could never realize; and was content to sink in the esteem of posterity for the sake of exciting a little more admiration in the common herd of his contemporaries. He liked the bustle of real life—*pulverem atque aciem*—a great deal better than quiet and mere literary pursuits. Those who have read the ‘Letter to Mr. Dunning’ will recollect the perverse ingenuity with which he contrived to graft his great philological inquiry upon a legal squabble. He comes hot from the court of King’s Bench to discuss the nature of particles, of which, it seems, a shameful ignorance, on the part of the judges, had just been manifested in a verdict against him. His head is never clear from the politics of the day long enough to write five pages together without alluding to them; and he continually rouses his readers from calm meditation upon the origin of *but* and *to* and *from*, by smart epigrams upon the natural objects of his hostility, the prime minister and the chief justice for the time being. The society in which he lived of course correspond to the prevalent disposition of his mind, and was rather political than literary. He probably was not in the habit of meeting persons who were capable of discussing with him, upon a footing of equality, the subjects of the *επεα πτερόεντα*, but dictated ‘*ex cathedra*’ to those who were unable to distinguish what was discovery from what was only paradox, and who gave him as much credit for what he had only promised as for what he had actually performed. If he had kept company in which topics of that nature were more frequently and more ably discussed, if (as it were) he had breathed a more philosophic air, a beneficial effect would, we think, have been felt upon his writings. He would have been less haughty and less positive, more clear and precise in the statement of his views, more moderate in estimating the value of his own labours, more accurate in ascertaining their real tendency, and above all he would have seen how absurd it is, at this time of day, to expect any permanent or valuable increase of reputation from the affectation of mysterious hints and imperfect disclosures.

Mr. Tooke was possessed of considerable learning, as indeed his writings sufficiently show. To other more casual acquirements he united a very extensive acquaintance with the Gothic dialects, of which he has so copiously and so judiciously availed himself

in his etymological researches; and it seems probable that the leading ideas of his philosophical work first presented themselves to his mind whilst he was pursuing this comparatively unfrequented track of literature. He was extremely well versed in the law; a science which, both in theory and practice, was particularly congenial to his mind, and which he had once studied with professional accuracy in the hope of being called to the bar. We are unable to state with precision what was the amount of his attainments in classical learning, but we apprehend he by no means possessed that accurate acquaintance with the literature of ancient Greece and Rome which is necessary to constitute a great scholar, in the ordinary acceptation of the term. He was familiar with all our best writers, most so with those of an early date. His knowledge of modern languages was considerable, and he was particularly well read in Italian authors. On the whole, exclusively of philosophy and politics, he would have passed for a very accomplished man.

One of the taxes which men pay for being eminent is to have their private as well as their public conduct made the subject of criticism: we shall therefore offer no apology for adding a few such remarks as our information enables us to supply upon that of Mr. Tooke. In the essential particulars of truth, honour, and justice, in all that, in a popular sense, forms the morality of a gentleman, he stood, we believe, unimpeached; at least no charge against him for the violation of it was ever substantiated, although he lived for half a century exposed to the public eye, and beset by the vigilant hostility of active and powerful enemies. His great fault, as a private man, was a libertinism in his habits and discourse which ill became his character, his profession, and, latterly, his age. It may seem an uncharitable suspicion, but we are really afraid that the tendency of which we complain, was rather increased than checked by the profession to which, however unwillingly, he belonged. He had a sort of spite at all its restraints. Many of them he never could throw off; but he was anxious to show that in licentiousness at least he could be a layman.

In the ordinary intercourse of life he was kind, friendly, and hospitable. We doubt whether his temper was naturally good; but if it was not, he had a merit the more; for he had so completely subdued it by care and self-control as never to betray, under any provocation, the slightest mark of that irritability which often accompanies talent, and which gains so rapidly upon those who know not how to guard against its approaches. Indeed the aspect under which he appeared in private was by no means such as the stern cynicism and ferocious turbulence of his public conduct would have led one to expect; and those, whose

opinion of him has been formed exclusively upon his political character and his writings, will have some difficulty in believing that the curate of Brentford was one of the best bred gentlemen of the age. In this respect he was a sort of phenomenon. He was born in a low station: at no period did he appear to have possessed any remarkable advantages for the study of good breeding; on the contrary, the greater part of his life was spent in constant intercourse with coarse, vulgar, and uneducated men. Yet his natural taste was so good, and he had profited so judiciously by whatever opportunities he enjoyed, that courts and high stations have seldom produced a better example of polite and elegant behaviour than was exhibited by the associate of Messrs. Hardy and Thelwall. Indeed his manner had almost every excellence that manner can display—grace, vivacity, frankness, dignity. Perhaps, indeed, in its outward forms and in that which is purely conventional, his courtesy wore the air of the ‘*vieille cour*,’ and was rather more elaborate than is consistent with the practice of this lounging unceremonious age: but it was never forced or constrained, and it sat not ungracefully upon an old man.

It has been remarked of some very eminent men, that either from bashfulness, or pride, or indifference, or want of a ready command of their faculties, their conversation frequently disappointed the expectations which their character had raised. Mr. Tooke was not of that class. He never appeared to greater advantage than in conversation. He was naturally of a social and convivial turn. His animal spirits were strong, the promptitude of his understanding was equal to its vigour, and he was by no means too proud to receive with satisfaction the small but immediate reward of approbation and good will which is always cheerfully paid to the display of agreeable qualities in society. A long, attentive, and acute observation of the world, had furnished him with a vast store of information and remark, which he was always ready to communicate, but never desirous to obtrude upon his hearers. The events of his political life had brought him into personal intercourse with many of the most considerable men of his time, and he was minutely acquainted with the history of them all. It is true, indeed, as we have already had occasion to observe, that few of the number had the good fortune to be the objects of his regard or approbation; and as candour was not a virtue he much affected, it was therefore necessary to receive his account of their actions and character with all imaginable caution and allowance. But if he was not a faithful portrait painter, he was at least an admirable caricaturist; which, for the purposes of mere entertainment, did quite as well: and it must be owned that his representations, though

harsh and unfavourable, always bore a striking and amusing resemblance to the originals. Viewed alone, they would have conveyed a very erroneous idea; but they were by no means without their use in correcting the impressions which had been made by more friendly, but equally unfaithful artists. He possessed an inexhaustable fund of anecdotes, which he introduced with great skill, and related with neatness, grace, rapidity and pleasantry. He had a quick sense of the ridiculous, and was a great master of the whole art of raillery, a dangerous talent, though the exercise of it in his hands was always tempered by politeness and good humour. No man, we believe, ever provoked him by hostile attack, without having reason to repent of his rashness. He was possessed of all the means that could make retort terrible;—ready poignant wit, perfect composure and self-command, boldness confirmed by the habit of victory in that species of combat, and a heartfelt bitterness, which when he was once emancipated, by the indiscretion of his adversary, from those restraints which good-breeding imposed, poured itself forth in a torrent of keen, unsparing, irresistible invective. But these severe chastisements were but rarely inflicted, never, we believe, except when provoked by some signal instance of folly or impertinence in his opponent.

His fault as a companion was that love of paradox which we have already mentioned, and a tendency to disputation which led him continually to argue for the mere sake of victory, and in evident contradiction to his own real opinion—a practice quite insufferable when adopted, as it often is, by persons of ordinary understanding, and who only flatter themselves that they possess the acuteness with which Mr. Tooke was really endowed, and to which we must own, that even his liveliness, native ingenuity, and felicity of illustration, could never wholly reconcile us.

He possessed a rich vein of humour, sometimes coarse, but always striking, comic, and original. His speeches afforded some good specimens of it to the public, and he indulged in it still more freely in private. Perhaps, indeed, it may be fairly objected to him, that his conversation was hardly ever quite serious; and that what with paradox, and what with irony, it was not easy to get at his true meaning. The truth seems to be, that he comforted himself for not having a larger share in the business of the world, by laughing at every body and every thing it contained. His sceptical disposition probably kept his mind unsettled upon many important facts as to which the generality of men entertain more fixed opinions, and he was therefore ready to espouse either side with equal zeal and equal insincerity, just as accident or caprice inclined him at the moment. There were other subjects on which he was accustomed to speak more posi-

tively, but on which we are apt to suspect that his *esoteric* doctrines were very different from those which he taught to aldermen, shoemakers, and other patriotic persons. On such occasions, he could not have been in earnest. He must have seen through the designs of those with whom he was acting—he must have loathed their vulgarity—he must have despised their folly. We are aware how severe a censure upon his honesty this opinion implies, but we really think that a fair estimate of the strength of his understanding can lead to no other conclusion.

He was endowed with every species of courage, active and passive, personal and political. Even his adversaries allowed him this merit. We recollect, that in the year 1794, at the time of the State Trials, when it was falsely reported, that upon being committed to the Tower his spirit had failed, and he had burst into tears, Wilkes expressed great surprise, and said, ‘I knew he was a knave, but I never thought him a coward.’ It is only to be regretted that he found no better opportunities for the display of so valuable a quality, than in election riots, and trials for sedition and treason.

In spite of labour and dissipation his life was protracted to a period which indicated an originally sound and vigorous frame. For the last twenty years, however, he was subject to several severe, distressing and incurable infirmities. These he bore with a patience and firmness which it was impossible not to admire: to the very last he never suffered himself to be beat down by them, nor ever for one moment indulged in complaint, or gave way to despondency. In the intervals of pain, nay, even when actually suffering under it, he preserved a self-command, which enabled him to converse, not only with spirit and vigour, but with all his accustomed cheerfulness and pleasantry, never making any demand upon the sympathy of his friends, or mentioning his own situation at all, except when occasionally, and by a very pardonable exercise of his sophistry, he amused himself in exalting its comforts, and explaining away its disadvantages—displaying in this respect a manly spirit and a practical philosophy which, if they had been brought to bear upon his moral, as well as upon his physical condition, if they had been employed with as much effect in reconciling him to his political exclusion as to his bodily sufferings, might have produced, not the very imperfect character we have been attempting to delineate, in which the unfavourable traits bear so large a proportion to those of a nobler and more benign cast, but the venerable portrait of a truly wise and virtuous man.

De l'Influence des Femmes sur la Litterature Française, comme Protectrices des Lettres et comme Auteurs; ou Précis de l'Histoire des Femmes Françaises les plus célèbres. Par Madame de Genlis. Paris, 1811. London, 1811.

[From the British Review, for December, 1811.]

To stumble at the threshold has been considered an unlucky omen; we are, therefore, sorry to find any thing to blame in the title-page of a book. If a title to a literary work be wholly without utility or purpose, it would be better in all cases to omit it. But if there be a purpose intended by it, and that purpose be to make known the general design or subject of the work, unless the work is truly without scope or plan, we may reasonably expect to learn what it is from the title. Of the two parts of the title of the work before us, the first is descriptive of a specific topic of illustration, while the second confesses that if the purpose of the author be really not that which the first announces, it is at least her sincere intention to write a great deal on the subject of celebrated French females, learned, and unlearned.

The "réflexions préliminaires" contain some observations not unworthy of being studied and remembered; but the argument on the comparative strength of male and female capacities for literature and science, which was never edifying, useful, or liberal, is now by repetition become vapid and wearisome in the greatest degree.

Madame de Genlis has chosen to embark in this controversy, and she has adopted the childish mode in which the same is usually conducted, that is, by running a parallel between the celebrated individuals of the different sexes through an indefinite compass of history. By a sorted comparison made in this manner, the male might easily be shewn to be the fairer and the female the robuster sex. Out of the millions which have come into the world, arrived at maturity, and departed, or that at present exist in it, the largest possible enumeration of particular instances can bear no proportion to the whole, so as to afford an average on which to ground a comparison of the sexes. No assignable number thus individually collected on either side, could afford a measure so large as not to be capable of being embraced within the scope of an exception to any general predication respecting the human condition, and therefore of course no possible extent of such an enumeration could be wide enough to establish a general rule. The thing is incapable of proof, and wants no illustration.

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We shall not suffer ourselves to be drawn into this barren disputation; but we cannot refrain from remarking by the way, that whatever perversity or error in the arrangements of life, accident may be supposed to have produced, whatever usurpations upon the equal rights of the fair sex are imputable to the subtlety or force of ours, time, one would imagine, that usually develops dormant claims, and necessity that for the most part vindicates the appointments of the Creator, would long ago have brought things to their proper level; for nature and truth are not to be prescribed against. But still this unjust ascendancy continues; still the exigencies of life and the distribution of duties put the yoke of mediocrity upon feminine ambition, in all the severer exercises of mind and body, and give free scope only to those virtues and attainments which sweeten domestic intercourse, instruct the rising generation, promote the charities of the heart, and adorn the Christian profession. Unluckily, too, the Scripture does in more places than one afford a colour of authority to this artificial arrangement; and seems to suggest a path of duty to females, which, though important beyond all price to the happiness and improvement of the world, does not conduct to intellectual grandeur, or flatter with the hope of literary immortality.

Under these circumstances it seems to us much more rational and useful to inquire what cultivation of the female mind best fits it for the discharge of the duties which the state of society allots to it, than what are its possibilities of attainment under a culture which has abstractedly in view its intellectual advancement alone.

We presume therefore to think, that the education of females should be conducted so as to qualify them to fill with honour their proper places in society, rather than to excite the ardours of eccentric ambition. We would not have it thought, however, that the British Reviewers are less favourable than their literary competitors to the advancement of the female mind. When we come to explain ourselves upon the subject, it will be seen that the cultivation considered by us as appropriate to our English ladies, though somewhat subtracting from the importance usually attached to some parts of their education, would put the capacities of females under a severer requisition than can be satisfied by the ordinary methods now taken to accomplish them.

If politics, metaphysics, mathematics, and the languages of Greece and Rome, are not among those objects of study which we consider as essential to female education, we are not therefore to be supposed to regard women as a secondary sort of beings, and worthy only of being taught those things which administer to the pleasure or service of man. But we presume to

think, that there are many duties, the effectual performance of which requires strength of fibre to be added to intellectual ability, and which are therefore eminently suited to the powers of man. There are also duties of equal importance, the proper discharge of which demands an union of tenderness with forbearance, of perseverance with softness, and for these the structure of woman is best adapted. Society requires both parts to be performed; nature divides them between the sexes; life is too short for each to perform both; and the distance between them is increased as perfection is approached in either. That choice of study is doubtless the most wise which is most in the line of our duty: for accomplishments are not of absolute but relative estimation. All women, it is true, are not equally charged with the softer duties and cares of life: all are not born to become wives and mothers: still it will not be denied that such is the hopeful destination of the sex in general: and we are treating of generals—of the rule and not of the exceptions. Nor are we afraid to say, notwithstanding the ridicule with which the sentiment has of late been attacked,* that where women have no families of their own to attend to, the duty of taking upon themselves a portion of the cares with which others of their sex are overburthened, of solacing the sick, and instructing the forsaken, multiplies its claims in proportion to their leisure. Neither is this all. Propriety of character, consistency of deportment, the value of attainments, and the suitableness of occupations, are determined by reference not to the accidental situation of particular individuals, but to the moral destination of the sex in general.

All men are not designed for the profession of arms, but because soldiers are always men, and cases may be easily imagined in which courage and personal exposure may become the duties of all men, the quality of bravery belongs generally to the male character. All women are not destined to act the part of mothers, but because only women *can* be such, tenderness for infancy, and a commiserating disposition of the heart, are associated with the character of women in general.

Though deeply impressed with these sentiments, we are still as anxious as Madame de Genlis herself for the culture of the female mind. Those who are charged with the earliest care of their species, whose high and delicate trust it is, to give the first bias to the heart, and first to stir the reasoning faculty, while both are to be insensibly engaged on the side of virtue, to act their parts well, should themselves be proficient in reason and virtue, and have learned, by engrafting reflection on reading, to

* See Edin. Review, No. 30. p. 306.

anticipate in others the prejudices and difficulties which hinder the first steps of intellectual advancement.

To some persons this province of literature appears very contemptible, and particularly when under the management of those, who, in the old-fashioned style of discipline, endeavour to lay the foundation of education in religion, and to give to God the first fruits of his gift of reason. To some men goodness is weakness, piety is parade, and devotion hypocrisy; and nothing is so ridiculous as a spectacled old lady teaching to the young the maxims of household morality according to the catechism of our church. Generous guardians of the rights of infants! with what happy auspices does your revolutionary career in the national education commence! Perish primers and horn-books, and all the lumber of the nursery! Behold a rising generation of unbreeched philosophers, and lisping free-thinkers; a golden period approaches in which every man is to be qualified to be his own instructor, and in which the religion of the poor is to become the fruit of their own meditations, the result of their own discriminating choice, unincumbered by creeds and vulgar catechisms. Liberal and manly times! when the nation's children are confided to those who dissent from its church, under the patronage of princes, nobles, statesmen, ecclesiastics, writers, and reviewers.

Do we dare, amidst these new lights, to avow our veneration for the memory of the "feeble old lady"* of Brentford, whom the champions of the liberal plan of modern education for the poor, have classed with the writers of horn-books and nursery legends? Yet such is our infatuation, that when we think upon the labours of that good woman, who was most emphatically departing in peace, while her manly assailants were pursuing her to the grave, we are disposed to consider her utility to mankind as infinitely outweighing the whole aggregation of female worth collected in this French volume before us; and we found our admiration of her singly upon her wise and orthodox industry in disseminating religious knowledge among the poor, and her watchful jealousy of latitudinarian systems.

In a word, we are of opinion that such a cultivation of the female mind as has a tendency to dispose and qualify it for the care of the young, the friendless, and the forsaken, comprises objects and attainments of as much ornament as utility. In the due preparation for such a career of usefulness, the manners are polished in proportion as the heart is enlarged. Nor is this beneficent range of activity inconsistent with every reasonable attention to exterior accomplishments, in the ordinary sense of the term. Religious sobriety, concern for the interests of the

* See Edinb. Review, No. 17, Art. 12.

soul, and feeling for human indigence, while they superadd a grace invincible to common accomplishments, correct the extravagant appreciation of them which gives to them so undue a hold upon the heart, and so exorbitant a claim upon the time of reasonable beings. But we are very far from denying that the diligent reading of our best authors, the talent of graceful, and in a good cause, of forcible writing, and the exercise of the understanding on subjects of practical theology and preceptive truths, are strictly within the compass of female pretensions. If objects and employments like these should steal something from the laborious impertinence of fashionable life, we should be glad to be accomplices in the theft. In such a crime we will to the utmost, in our character of reviewers, act the part of aiders and abettors, whatever hue and cry may be raised against us by that numerous party in the country, who, as patrons or writers, with a liberalizing and levelling rage, are for demolishing the prescriptive barriers of national religion, and all thorough-bred English morality.

From contemplating the sickly cast of female literature, principles, and manners, which this volume of petticoated French worthies presents to us, it is impossible not to turn for refreshment to the estimable character of a genuine English lady, literate without pedantry, elegant without affectation, dignified without constraint, cheerful at home and circumspect abroad, gentle, humane, devout. We should greatly prefer the domestic circle of such a person, to what are called the "good societies" of Paris. A Mrs. Elizabeth Carter is more to our taste than a Madame du Deffand, a Miss Talbot than a Mademoiselle de L'Espinasse, and a Mrs. Hannah More than even a Madame de Genlis. We are aware that we shall have all the esprits forts of our own country on the French side of the comparison. It matters not; we are partly at war with these gentlemen; and though some of them in their contemptuous idiom may rank the English authoress last mentioned among "feeble old ladies," we must venture to declare ourselves her grateful admirers. Admire her we must, because with more than female courage, but with every feminine grace, she has devoted that zeal, which neither her own infirmities, nor the malice of her defamers, can subdue, to the best interests of humanity:—because her life has been a scene of such virtuous exertion as to unite the indolent, the envious, and the profligate in a confederacy against her fame and honour:—in a word, because she has contrived by her thorough acquaintance with the heart, and its accessible points, by her felicity of expression, her originality of thought, and above all, by her versatility of talent, to render the subject of highest concern to man so entertaining and attractive, as to beat

in the race of popularity all the prurient productions of this novel-writing age, all the sentimental rubbish of the German press, and all the varnished tales of suicide and adultery. We repeat that, after dwelling on the disgusting scenes of Parisian impertinence, the coteries of dissipated old countesses, French flattery, French perfidy, and French intrigue; the folly and vice, in short, which compose the principal features even of some of the characters selected by Madame de Genlis for our admiration; it is to us a grateful relief to contemplate the social retirement and literate ease of this accomplished woman, and that assemblage of moral worth which she collects about her, and to which she is the proper centre of attraction.

After thus expressing our admiration of the British females mentioned above, and particularly of her who has appeared to us to merit the largest share of our feeble praise, it will be mistaking us greatly to suppose us unwilling to allow any accomplishment of their minds beyond what is necessary to good housewifery. It has been observed, that a few pounds spent in needlework would give to the female part of a family leisure to acquire a fund of real knowledge.* But this appears to us to be a very erroneous and silly view of the question; which is not whether a gain is acquired answerable to the time consumed in these accomplishments, but whether the entire substitution of intellectual industry for those manual and subordinate occupations, would not give a new direction to the female character, and superinduce upon it by degrees a new order of sentiments and habits, ill suited to those relations which they are destined to fill in the great providential plan of social existence. The character of human beings, if not always determined, is always influenced by the nature of their employments. This truth has been well understood by those who have drawn the best portraits of female perfection. The domestic companions of Hector and Ulysses were no ordinary specimens of the sex. In the interior of their apartments, surrounded by their maidens, they blazoned in embroidery the trophies of their husbands, and shortened the suspense of their return by amusements which endeared them to their recollections.

Our readers must by this time perceive, or we have taken very fruitless pains to mark our meaning distinctly, that it is not the literature of the sex, but a violence in the devotion to it, which we disapprove. Needlework, and housewifery in general, are to some a necessary part of the science of economy; but in another view, though a collateral one, they seem to be a highly important part of female education. They provide for those mis-

* Edinburgh Review, No. 30. Art. 3.

chances of life from which few, if any, are exempt; they balance against the romantic tendency of the female mind, by recalling it to the real necessities of the human condition; they give the thoughts a turn towards usefulness, cleanliness, and convenience; and there is something of value too, in a cast of occupations, (if the remark may be forgiven,) which by rendering a lady independent of the tongue for amusement, disposes her to cherish those intervals of quiescent happiness which are not unprofitably employed in silence and attention.

These are a few of those reasons by which we are induced to think that the addiction of females to literature and science may be of too strenuous a cast. We not only think so because it renders them less useful, but because it renders them less pleasing. But then it is asked, why should any degree of addiction to letters produce more pedantry in women than in men? And why should pedantry, granting it to be the consequence of this addiction, be more offensive in the one sex than in the other? To questions like these experience and feeling afford the best answer. There are some palpable truths which dogmatism may discountenance, arrogance affright, and sophistry pervert; but which are nevertheless recognized in the heart, and established in the constitution of nature. It may be asked, why should softness be considered as the attribute of the sex? Why should gentleness, timidity, and modesty impart such grace and attractiveness to female manners? The best answer is the practical one. It is because we are formed to admire and love these qualities in woman; because, with the advancement of true civilization and refinement, these female qualities advance in price; and because a state of competition and emulation is not a state of love and reciprocal tenderness. In the dependence of the one upon the protection of the other consists the real bond of union between the sexes. Inequality produces reciprocity, and on this is founded the moral relation between man and woman. The pursuits of the sex must, therefore, be different: not so different as to destroy by diversity of taste, but so different as to supply by variety of materials, the intellectual commerce of the sexes. Fortitude that ennobles the male, and softness that adorns the female, may be mixed in secondary degrees with their opposites in each. As a foundation for mutual esteem, each ought to feel enough of either quality to know its value in the other. Man's true elevation is placed in the severer studies, while the softer dignity of woman, inferior in the intellectual scale, advances by a different course to the same on a superior height in moral goodness. Some acquaintance with these severer studies is necessary to raise in the other sex the esteem of them in ours; and on the other hand, the man of learning, and courage, and virtue,

who has no value for the mellow perfections and cultivated taste of a sensible, reading, and thinking woman, is finished only on one side of the manly character.

But if these perfections are inverted; if a woman places her chief merit in literary excellence, she deranges the plan of nature, and disturbs its harmony. But nature is revenged. When this is the case, adieu to feminine attraction! and to many of the charities of mother, sister, daughter, friend. For the deportment of woman, soft, attractive, frank, ingenuous, are substituted the stare of unconcern, the look of defiance, the vivacity of the disputant, and the parade of the scholar. These are among the numerous blots which efface in the female pedant the lovely traces of woman.

Upon the whole, we do not think a little learning is always a dangerous thing in a lady, so long as it has reference to her condition of life and the sphere of her duties. In man, from whom much is expected, his little learning is rarely confessed to be little. It enables him to feel and envy the superiority of others, between whom and himself there is a natural competition. He swells out his little, therefore, beyond its natural compass, the better to cover his ignorance. Having not enough for the illustration of truth, he finds it tell most in opposition to it, and is in danger of being seduced by his vanity into wilful error. But moderation even in things good in themselves is commendable in a woman. The learning that best becomes her is that which she can best manage, and which best consists with a natural manner and useful understanding. If a lady can interpret the following passage from Juvenal, she will do well to attend to the valuable hint it conveys.

*“Imponit finem sapiens et rebus honestis.
Non habeat matrona tibi quæ juncta recumbit
Dicendi genus aut curtum sermone rotato
Torqueat enthymema, nec historias sciat omnes,
Sed quædam ex libris et non intelligat.”*

A great laugh is endeavoured to be raised at what are called simple pleasures. We have in the present day some laughing philosophers: not of that ancient sort indeed whose ridicule was excited by the follies of their fellow creatures. Innocence, chastity, and religion are among the topics of modern pleasantries; especially with our men of strong thinking. For our parts, we are not disposed to join in this laugh; because, notwithstanding this well-intended raillery, we cannot help thinking that there does exist a class of simple pleasures, in which it is not merely safe for a woman to indulge, but which not to love or to be capable of loving, argues some original defect in the heart and in the understanding. But let us not be understood

to mean by simple pleasures, the entertainments of cup and ball, or bandalore. Neither do we confine the idea to the picking up of plants, the collecting of shells, the instruction of parrots, the fabrication of pin-cushions, and the pasting of charades upon firescreens. But to contemplate the Creator's works, to study them, to imitate them, to fill the eye and the imagination with them, to cling to the sentiments they inspire, and to pursue them to their ultimate grand conclusions; to ride, to walk, to meditate, to luxuriate in the cheerful influence of fine weather; to train vegetation, to plant and improve the garden, to mitigate the moral and physical evils that press around one, by reconciling, relieving, and instructing; are all, when modified by virtuous education, enjoyments of simple relish and home-bred felicity; all capable of flourishing in innocence and retirement, with little aid from artificial culture. These may properly be ranked among simple pleasures, because they want no machinery to set them up. They have at first hand, that is, at nature's, their subjects and incitements; they are the companions of virtuous leisure and unsophisticated habits.

But to qualify for these cheap and innocent pleasures there must be a proper preparatory education; a first impulse must be given to the sensibilities, which may set them forward in a right direction. Before the works of the Deity can be made to interest and delight, the fear and love of his power and goodness must be established in our minds upon other grounds than the fluctuating foundations of taste. No education can be profitable without the sanction of religion. It should, however, be presented to the mind, not as a task, but as a recreation; which it is well fitted to become when judiciously inculcated. It affords a natural entertainment to the sprightly curiosities of children, an excellent exercise to their opening faculties, and a sufficient incitement to all the good propensities of the young mind. It is the Sun in the system of education; the dispenser of light and heat to the whole, and by its attractive power it maintains every part in its proper place and destination. From leaving it out of the system, or from giving it only a secondary place, results that complexity, disproportion, and disorder, which have found their way into almost every scheme and treatise of education, and to this cause is to be ascribed the multiplication of these treatises in such a fatiguing succession of vapid productions. Were religion properly attended to in female education, young women might be trusted with more learning and more accomplishments, without danger to the equilibrium of their minds, and the modesty of their manners. Without religion intellectual education is mutilated; but moral education is reduced to a solecism. The fitness of morals and the beauty of virtue are

frigid arguments to young understandings. They require the support of unnatural expedients and forced measures. But the principle of pious obedience is taught to children by their wants, and confirmed by the unceasing consciousness of dependence. They must of necessity feel it towards their fathers and mothers; and it is easy for them to carry it upwards to the universal Parent and Protector.

For the sake, therefore, of these simple pleasures, of which we think not the less highly because coxcombs deride them, we recommend it to those to whose care the rising generation of females is entrusted, to make this emphatic use of religion in their institutions. Besides its own complete perfection and solitary pre-eminence, transcending all comparative value, it is of admirable use as an auxiliary in the formation of the character and manners. Its rules are short, simple, and practicable, and will enable teachers, if tolerably instructed themselves, to do very well without those problematical expedients and refined methods of culture with which officious speculation is for ever tormenting them. But we are anxious before we dismiss this part of our subject to remind our readers, that when we make mention of religion in the *British Review*, which we may find frequent occasions for doing, we would be understood to mean the religion of the scriptures, embracing the peculiar doctrines of Christianity as they are professed by the church of England, and not a religion of man's manufacture, adapted to his convenience here, and secularized to his worldly feelings and tastes. Next to the diffusion of a stupid prejudice against this view of religion, by giving it the appellation of methodism, the envier of human happiness could contrive no better instrument for the destruction of religion altogether, than the fatal adoption of a national education without the national religion for its basis.

We have said thus much upon the importance of religion in education, because we perceive with concern that the philosophic pride of the age is making strenuous efforts to discredit its efficacy; and that some of our female writers, and one in particular, for whose genius and talents we entertain the highest respect, and whose influence on education, whether we regard her incomparable skill in the composition of instructive tales without the hackneyed theme of love, or her accurate knowledge of the ways by which the understanding is to be assisted in the acquisition of knowledge, cannot be viewed without great approbation, mixed with anxiety, have bestowed an exclusive attention on what they call moral and intellectual culture, leaving religion, like a wild flower, to its own spontaneous growth from seeds, scattered as chance may have directed, on good ground, or on stony places. With respect to accomplishments,

commonly so called, we hold the same opinions with some of our more philosophical contemporaries. It is not to be denied, that, they engross much too large a portion of education for acquirements which are in season only for so small a portion of existence, and that while they last they are greatly inferior in dignity and utility to studies which spread their lustre over the whole of life, and which, instead of affording occasions of ostentatious exhibition, short intervals of triumph, and momentary displays, enter into the constitution of the mind, and nourish the understanding; render solitude reflective, and society exhilarating. But inferior as they are, and short lived in their importance, it would be better, in our opinion, to give to them entire all the docile part of life, without interruption from reason or reflection, than that reason and reflection should be cultivated independently of religion, and trained under the discipline of a vain philosophy.

When knowledge is thus constituted on a right foundation, we are very far from denying it to the female sex. But let it, besides this right foundation, have also a right bearing. The first and noblest use of knowledge in woman is to lay the ground of knowledge in others. Elementary education is chiefly in their hands. A great and awful trust! It was the Spartan mothers that perpetuated the succession of the Spartan discipline. Just notions and elevated principles do not come unbidden: they do not sow themselves, like forest trees, or the vegetation of the plains. To be properly assimilated with the stamina of the child; to grow with its growth, and strengthen with its strength, they should pre-exist in the parent, and pass out of her by a careful process of transfusion. In this way the child may acquire what the poet calls

*"Compositum jus, fasque animo, sanctosque recessus
Mentis, et incoctum generoso pectus honesto."*

A taste for literature and valuable knowledge cannot be taught without being felt. To bribe the early curiosities to the exercise and development of the mind, the early instructor must have been well instructed, and have acquired the art of blending information with delight. The powers, the beauties, the copious use of the mother tongue can only be known, felt, and transmitted by talents improved by various and studious reading in English literature, aided by some acquaintance with other idioms. And it is, perhaps, to the want of this preparation of the mother's mind for the task of early instruction, that the melancholy blank in respect to all the primary, professional, and practical acquirements of reading, articulation, elocution, reasoning, and composition, left by the education of our princi-

pal schools, so often remains to the end of life, disgracing the pulpit, the senate, and the bar.

The pleasure that occupies the highest place, and fills the widest space in rational existence, is free intellectual conversation. If women are to be our companions, we must share this pleasure with them, or we give them only a vain compliment—a nominal rank—the title without the estate. The most solid parts of intellectual culture are theirs by imprescriptible right as rational beings: it is the fairest of all their privileges, and our own sex has an equal interest in maintaining it for them against a perverse arrangement, which gives up their first years to fugitive attainments, that sparkle in the sunshine of youth, but perish, and their memorial with them, as age increases the want of resource.

We are obliged to Madame de Genlis for giving us this opportunity of detailing our sentiments on this subject, as they are not quite in the fashion of the day, and may want a little explaining and defending. We are also, in common with others, obliged to the same lady for many sensible observations contained in her introductory pages to the volume before us. We must, indeed, do her the justice to say, that whatever may have been her departures in practice from her own rules, (and on this subject we can say nothing from personal knowledge,) all the productions of her pen which have come under our inspection have in the main been true to the cause of piety and virtue. It is something for a being on the confines of another world to be able to say to her soul; **WHATEVER THOU HAST THOUGHT OR DONE AMISS THOU HAST NOT INCREASED THE SUM OF THY TRANSGRESSIONS BY THE CRIMES OF OTHERS, NOR ADDED AUGHT TO THY RECKONING WITH GOD, BY ENDEAVOURS TO INTERCEPT THE HOPES OF INNOCENCE, AND TO SHORTEN THE ARM OF HIS MERCY.** We are glad to do Madame de Genlis this piece of justice. It is the more creditable to her, in consideration of the dangerous examples by which she has been surrounded. The literature of her day has been much in the hands of those by whom the devil's work is done gratuitously, without the apology of passion or temptation; of those who love vice, not for itself, but for the ruin which it spreads: frigid speculators in debauchery! who for the mere luxury of doing harm, plot in their chambers against the peace of mankind; scattering pollution from their pens, and amusing themselves with calculations of eventual mischief. We have often admired the sterling sense of Madame de Genlis on the subject of education, and are astonished when we are told that, with a theory so opposite to that of the philosophers of her own

country, she should yet affect to hold the literature, taste, and general character of this nation in great disesteem.

The early years of Madame de Genlis were passed in those societies of Paris which every travelled Englishman, to shew his breeding and improvement, delights to call brilliant; and brilliant they were; but brilliant at the expense of the comforts, the decencies, and charities of life; of all that dignifies and decorates the human condition. The prurient play of a debauched imagination, the sportive malice of wit, and the treacherous commerce of flattery, were the only compensation for the low intrigues, selfish passions, and jealous rivalry, which lay half concealed under the guady covering. That this was pretty much the state of the "good societies" of Paris under what is called the old government, we are informed by their own annals. Philosophy, garrulity, wit, obscenity, compliment, detraction, gluttony, levity, stars, ribbons, dirt, paint, and tinsel, make to the eyes of some men and many women in this country, and of all men and all women in France, a very imposing appearance. But as long as the substratum of the English character remains, (and we do not feel very secure of its remaining long,) that alone will be considered as "good society" here, in which cleanliness, manliness, and modesty ground politeness upon esteem, and in which the charities of the heart are infused into the behavior. That Madame de Genlis has emerged from the "good societies" of old France and from the worse contamination of the revolutionary period, without a total depravation of principle, reflects no small credit upon her taste and discernment; but that having so emerged, and having visited England and experienced its hospitality, she can undervalue its character and literary glory, is truly surprising.

The State of the Established Church; in a Series of Letters to the Right Honourable Spencer Perceval, Chancellor of the Exchequer, &c. Second Edition, corrected and enlarged; with an Appendix of Official Documents. 8vo. pp. 151. London. 1810.

[From the British Review, for September, 1811.]

WE have now before us some letters to Mr. Perceval on the state of the established church; and we have also read a certain pretty, soothing, and well-written lullaby, in answer to these letters. Now, though it may be reckoned cruel to awaken mother church from the sweet slumbers which we conclude she must be enjoying in consequence of the said lullaby, yet our

real regard and affection for her induce us to endeavour to disturb that peaceable repose, which we fear might in the end prove fatal to her. Nor can we by any means admit the validity of the argument founded on the weakness and imperfection of human nature, when it is adduced to excuse a wilful perseverance in neglects or abuses, plainly pointed out and as plainly within the power of the offender to remedy. As our author observes in his blunt and magisterial way—

“It is in vain to tell me, that the clergy are but men; that they are subject to all the weakness incident to our nature. I am willing to grant all, and much more than can be justly claimed on the score of human infirmity; but as there is no situation in life in which such errors and infirmities (if you call them such) would be admitted, so there is none in which they deserve so little respect. Sleep is natural and necessary to the human frame; yet if the vidette be found sleeping on his post, military execution is instantly awarded. If your attorney neglects your suit, the court will saddle him with the costs, and perhaps prevent his repeating the offence. Skill is implied in the physician; and for his ignorance he will be punished. In short, in no state of life is this plea of indolence and inactivity allowed; much less therefore ought it to avail in that which is instituted to conduct mankind to that eternity, in comparison of which all the wealth, and other enjoyments of this life, are but as an atom to the whole globe itself.” P. 66.

There are so many just observations in the pamphlet before us, and it affords so many useful hints for the advantage of our excellent establishment, that we cannot but think that all well-wishers to the church, and more particularly all her professional members, would do well to peruse it with a candid spirit, and to overlook occasional warmth, a too great strength of expression, and a good deal of unqualified assertion, in favour of the honest zeal by which the whole seems to be dictated; in short, we would recommend it to them to pocket the affront, and profit by the advice.

We certainly wish, that the well meaning author had been more temperate in his censures of the conduct of the clergy, particularly in those respects in which they are in general undeserving of blame; though we fear he has in many instances but too much ground for his accusation of them, with respect to their lukewarmness, indifference, and want of that unction, which alone can give efficacy to the powers entrusted to them. He, however, goes so much too far as to state, that a large proportion of the clergy “betray a dissoluteness of manners, which, while it is most shameful in them, would not be borne in any other state of life;” and he adds, “Do not our courts of justice teem with their offences? Is there a subject of public corruption and profligacy, the development of which does not discover its

reverend associates? and do not men of this description daily walk about our streets unsilenced and unchastised?" Here we think there is an unpardonable degree of exaggeration; the few instances which have occurred, to give a colour for these remarks, by no means constitute the prevailing evil among the clergy; and our author has availed himself beyond reasonable bounds of the license which in the following passage he has thought proper to grant to his own pen. "It is now too late for a public writer *to attempt to discriminate*; and if the good should in some degree suffer with the depraved, they have those only to blame, who, placed in high and lucrative situations, for the purposes of prevention, have failed to prevent the conduct we are now called upon to point out." But that a considerable number of the clergy are lamentably deficient in the chief requisites for enforcing the truths of the Gospel to the edification and salvation of souls, is we fear but too evident; and this deficiency it is, which is gradually undermining our national church, and upon which her enemies chiefly build their hopes of rising through superior zeal upon her ruins.

The author of this pamphlet remarks, that as long as patronage is in private hands, it must be liable to an improper distribution; and therefore he suggests the expediency of greater precautions than are at present used, to prevent the ordination of persons, ill qualified for the ministry.

"Without intrenching upon what are the present requisites at the universities, a knowledge and rigid practice of the duties of religion should be indispensable. All habitual vice and dissoluteness of manners should not only be checked and discountenanced, but should, after a certain limit, be made a positive obstacle to a young man's ordination: which would of course include much greater caution about testimonials than is at present exercised. A preparation and examination for orders should form part of the system of education at college, and not be left entirely to the bishops, and by them to the hurried and contracted attention of their chaplains. A proficiency on this head should be as indispensable as other attainments are towards a fellowship; and this proficiency should include constant and devout attendance on divine worship, and such a performance of the church service as is essential to its due effect upon their future hearers. To attain these objects, it would be requisite (as it is on all accounts highly desirable) that young men intended for the church should declare such intention on their admission to the university.

"Dismissed from college, greater care than is at present used should be taken by those whose province it is to confer upon candidates for orders the highest and most important office, if duly considered, to which a human being can aspire. Independent of the attainments already alluded to, great circumspection should be exercised, and every inquiry made as to the candidates' views and prospects: so that some check at least should exist to the practice of sending young

men into the church upon speculation, or merely to get a livelihood: as it is impossible to intrench upon private patronage, part of the evil arising from it would thus be cured, if no persons were admitted to holy orders but those who are thoroughly qualified." P. 125.

Those whom it may concern will do well, and indeed, appear to us to be strictly bound, to pay attention to these remarks. They include charges, which are in too many instances notoriously true; and point out remedies, which are at least worthy of consideration. But we can altogether dissipate our author's fears of the church being overstocked with young adventurers sent into it "upon speculation to gain a livelihood." If the reports which have reached us be not exaggerated, the curacies, and other prospects which the church holds out to such persons, are by the pressure of the times now become so very scanty in emolument, compared with the different modes of gaining a livelihood in the civil walks of life, that there is an actual deficiency of under labourers in the vineyard. We are credibly informed, that at both the universities there are scores of unanswered notices of "curates wanted."

A striking picture is drawn, and we fear not much overcharged, of the manner in which the services of the church are performed in many country parishes.

"Where a clergyman has to attend two, three, and sometimes four churches, it may be easily conceived that his manner cannot be very devout and impressive, nor even his appearance such as decency requires; and, as for the time, it is no unusual thing for the only duty which is performed on a Sunday to take place at ten, and sometimes at nine o'clock in the morning; leaving all the rest of the day to revelling and drunkenness, or, what is now more common, to the itinerant enthusiast. The part of the duty thus performed is often not that which is enjoined by the rubrics. A clergyman who gallops to the church, gallops through the service, and gallops away again, is generally too unique in his ideas to conform to the dictates of others, though he has sworn to obey them; and has of course a liturgy and a rubric of his own. Some parts of the service he constantly omits; other parts he either reads or omits, as time or inclination may suit. Having not the least conception (or at all events recollection) of the solemnity of what he is about, he has no idea that the decalogue can derive any weight or importance from distinct and audible delivery at the altar; but that is generally hurried over in the desk, with as little ceremony as the detail of a fox-chace. This remark, indeed, applies to the whole of the service; which may be readily credited by those who know that the whole morning service in many parishes (including the sermon) does not occupy three-quarters of an hour.

"The unfrequency of the sacrament of the Lord's supper (that most solemn and important office of religion) is the next topic, sir, to which I would draw your attention. In some parishes the sacrament is only administered twice in the year; in a great many only

three times; and in a large majority only four times in a year. I am aware that neither the rubric nor the canons distinctly point out the precise number of times which the sacrament shall be administered in the year; and I think it would be well if some definite regulation were made upon a subject of such infinite magnitude and concern. Some persons have construed the direction to the minister to read the communion service at the altar, as implying his constant readiness to administer the sacrament *every* Sunday; as I believe was the case in the earlier ages of the church, and is still so in some of our cathedrals. At all events the twenty-first canon, which directs the laity to communicate "*at least three times*" in the year, is a sufficient proof that the clergy have no authority for the unfrequency of this rite, for which there is no true reason but the indolence and inactivity which pervades the conduct of many of them; added, I fear, in some instances, to their leading lives very different from that state of preparation necessary for this solemn occasion. The time too in this case calls for our notice. Those who administer it but twice choose the festivals of Christmas and Easter; to which others add Michaelmas: all of them periods of the year when often the aged, the sickly, and infirm, cannot attend divine service. In most parts of the country I believe a sacrament is never heard of between Easter and Michaelmas; and in many, not between Easter and Christmas, though the festivals of Whitsuntide and Trinity are those when persons of the above description would be most likely to attend divine service, with ease, convenience, and safety. The reason given by some of the clergy for this unfrequency of the sacrament is as strange as that they can give any reason at all. They say it is because there are so few communicants! This surely is giving the effect for the cause: for any one who will take the trouble of inquiring why there are, in many parishes, so few communicants, will find that it is wholly occasioned by this criminal negligence of the clergy. There is no measure so calculated to keep the heart and mind in a proper state as frequent participation of the Lord's supper. The preparation necessary for it; the dread of receiving it unworthily; and the consolation which it bestows; all combine to make the man, who frequently receives it, better and happier than those who neglect it. And this state of mind can only be preserved by continual exercise. The thought that he will soon receive the sacrament, deters a man from many vices and irregularities; while, on the other hand, this benefit once lost sight of, life becomes less pure, and examination more painful, till we at last shrink altogether from the holy table. These, sir, are with me strong reasons for the frequency. In the churches of the metropolis, and in those of large towns, there is generally a sacrament once a month, independent of the great festivals; and there seems to be no sufficient reason why the congregations in other places should not have as frequent opportunities of obeying the last and most solemn command of their blessed Redeemer." P. 60, &c.

We know not in what part of the country the author made the observations, which drew from him these strictures, and it would perhaps be invidious to conjecture; but this we know,—

that we have ourselves remarked, in one or two extensive counties, especially where clerical sportsmen are in vogue, a lively representation of the original portrait.

There is some humour in his remarks upon Bishop Hurd's declaration of the difficulty and inexpediency of enforcing the residence act.

"Another reason why it is in vain to hope for any voluntary exertion of the dormant authority of the bishops is, that they themselves consider their powers as oppressive, and are unwilling individually to incur an odium, the cause of which has arisen originally not from themselves, but has devolved upon most, if not all of them, from their predecessors. In some instances, the united wisdom of parliament has not had all the influence that could be wished. One of the most pious and learned bishops who ever adorned the bench is said to have stated it as his opinion, in his return to the privy council, that the residence act could not be further enforced without great inconvenience to the clergy, and that therefore he had suspended its operation in his diocese. Surely such a fact as this is sufficient to show parliament, that something more is wanting than individual discretion, however respectable; for much as I reverence the memory of this truly great man, who was justly thought an ornament to his country, to its church, to literature, and to human nature, I cannot persuade myself that even the authority of Dr. Hurd can for a moment sanction the principle here broached. Inconvenience, sir! Is it for the convenience of the clergy that their revenues have been appointed? is the eternal salvation of millions of human beings to hang upon this weak, this miserable thread of convenience? It may be inconvenient to an officer to join his regiment or his ship; but will the war-office or admiralty be amused with such a reason? It may be inconvenient to a gentleman to attend his duty in parliament; but a serjeant at arms will soon set his mind at ease upon the subject. And are the duties of religion, sir, of less consequence than these? is the service of God the only one that can be trifled with, and made subservient to all our baser pursuits?" P. 120.

These, and several other observations in this pamphlet, are worth attending to, and we repeat that we are convinced of the honest intentions of the author; at the same time we must remark, that we are a good deal perplexed respecting his own religious sentiments, as he more than once betrays some inconsistency upon this point. We are inclined to believe, that his views upon religion are not perfectly clear; the more particularly as, though he points out very ably many of the existing evils and abuses in the church of England, he does not appear to have dived deep enough to reach the chief cause of them, which in our opinion is the almost universal neglect of preaching the fundamental and peculiar doctrines of christianity.* These

* Vide the primary charge of the late Bishop Horsley in 1799, printed by the society for promoting Christian knowledge.

doctrines *alone*, by being engrafted on the heart, can produce sincere religion, and practical piety, and therefore the disuse of the custom of enforcing them in the pulpit has been alternately both cause and effect of the alarming state of our church establishment. It is true, we hear excellent morality from our pulpits, and we are constantly reminded of our duties—but can this be effectual, when *the source* from which we derive at once our *motives* and *ability* to perform these duties is not sufficiently pressed upon our minds?

One assertion we find in the pamphlet before us, which we have ourselves often heard, and at first rashly believed, and which we suppose the author took upon trust. The assertion to which we allude is, that a certain description of persons within the pale of the church are “purchasing advowsons and procuring presentations and curacies wherever they can be found, which are carefully filled up with persons, some educated in, others converted to, their peculiar tenets; which are, for the most part, calvinistic, and as opposite to the real principles of the church as any species of dissent.” Now, we have been making inquiries upon this subject, and we can in consequence assure our readers, that it is not true that any description of persons, within our church, are acting in this manner.

We wish also to say a few words to a certain class of friends to the church, whom we have heard reasoning somewhat in the following manner. “Take care that you do not lower the church by openly stating the relaxation of her discipline, and the abuses and errors committed by some of her professional members,—by so doing, you *inform* her enemies of her weak parts, and diminish the esteem of her friends.” To these quiescent advocates of the church we answer, that her enemies need no *information* upon the subject, having long been fully aware of her weak side, and having made their profit of it, before she was aware of it herself. And as to her friends—all her real well wishers must perceive and lament the dangerous predicament in which she at present stands; and in proportion to their regard for her, must wish that those abuses and deficiencies which threaten her with her ruin should be laid open in order to be corrected. The manner of reasoning above described reminds us of that of a lady, who, when her husband discovered the dry rot in his floor by lifting up the carpet, exclaimed, “Cover it up! cover it up! don’t look at it!” Were we to follow this sort of advice, in the parallel case respecting our national church, and to cover her symptoms of decay, we fear that the building might crumble and fall over our heads, while we were sleeping in false security.

Much is heard in the present day of that catholic species of

toleration, which would extend its palliating or justifying influence to acknowledged neglect of duty, because clothed in the clerical habit. We would oppose to it the following alternative, which we think will clearly shew the rottenness of the principle. If the people are ignorant enough to be satisfied with the negligent performance of the clerical duties, their religious state and their moral conduct (the very objects for the promotion of which pastors are appointed and paid) must be lamentably dangerous, and deplorably deficient. This side of the alternative may perhaps give short-lived peace to the church; but at the expense of the souls of the people. We much fear, that it may be the prospect of this repose so productive of present enjoyment, which biasses many towards the notion, that the people ought to be deceived into an implicit confidence in *all* church ministers, be their preaching and conduct what they may. If, on the other hand, the people are dissatisfied, and perceive the deficiency of their pastor; which (where that deficiency exists) they can hardly avoid doing, when the sectaries refer them to the bible and to the fathers of the church for rules whereby to estimate the clerical character; what hope remains, of preserving them to the church, but by rousing her inert energies to a vigorous spirit of amendment? Therefore, in spite of the remonstrances of those short-sighted though well-meaning friends to the church above alluded to, we have not scrupled upon the present, as well as upon former occasions, to speak openly upon the subject; and we shall continue to do so, as long as our readers will pay any attention to our humble remarks.

Upon the whole, we very much lament that the author of the pamphlet before us did not submit his manuscript before its publication to some judicious friend. By neglecting this necessary precaution, he has laid himself open to animadversions, which his reasoning and intentions do not deserve. He has thus afforded to the *quiescent advocate of things as they are* the opportunity of giving a plausible answer to his pamphlet without touching the real substance of his arguments; and with the usual fate of the hasty and inaccurate, has incurred the chance of injuring the cause which he meant to serve. By submitting his manuscript to correction, he might also have avoided many irritating and some unjust aspersions upon our national clergy, which render us altogether so little satisfied with his performance, that recommending it as we do to the candid perusal and charitable consideration of that respectable body, we shall now take leave of the work, and proceed to lay before our readers a few brief remarks, which the present times have called forth upon the state of the established church.

It can scarcely fail to excite considerable interest and anxiety

in the breast of any man cordially attached to it. There are indeed some circumstances which are highly gratifying. The torpor and lukewarmness which appeared to prevail some few years ago have been much diminished. A greater degree of zeal and energy appears amongst the clergy. The tone of pulpit eloquence is raised; the doctrine generally inculcated is far more scriptural and sacred; greater pains appear to be taken in the religious instruction of youth; and the number of those who attend divine service and partake of the Lord's supper has received a considerable increase. These things certainly have a favourable appearance, and when considered in connection with the laudable exertions that are made for the distribution of the scriptures and the propagation of the gospel, are calculated to keep alive the hopes of those who believe that the blessing of Divine Providence is the best safeguard of their country.

But, on a nearer examination, many things will be discovered which have a less favourable aspect. Even within the walls of the church a great discordance of sentiment may be discovered; and that, not only with respect to matters of less moment, but even with respect to the fundamental doctrines of christianity and the important duties of the ministerial office.

In every age since the first promulgation of our religion, those who have been cordially attached to it, and, by the conformity of their lives to its strict and holy precepts, have put to shame the looser manners of the world around them, have been branded with some epithet of a reproachful nature. The followers of Christ, therefore, have no reason to be surprised at experiencing such treatment from the worldly and profane. But it is to be lamented, that reproachful language and unfounded charges are not confined merely to those who are indifferent to the cause of religion. Too many who appear zealous in its defence, too many who hold a conspicuous place amongst the ministers and even the dignitaries of our church, have been unhappily so far misled in this respect, as to act in concert with the enemies of Christianity.

Amongst the terms which are now considered as conveying a dishonourable meaning, those of *Evangelical Preachers* and *Gospel Ministers* are employed to designate such as are distinguished by more than ordinary zeal in diffusing the peculiar truths of christianity, or in labouring to awaken their hearers to a serious concern for their souls. We have observed in a former number,* that these titles appear to us to be most unjustly represented, as having been assumed by those to whom they are applied. We are pretty confident, that few indeed, if any, are

* See British Review, No. 2, p. 424.

the cases where such an assumption has been made. Nor do we by any means intend to assert, that the clergymen in question would wish to be, or to be thought, otherwise than evangelical in their tenets, and preachers of the gospel: but they have always appeared to us utterly unwilling to arrogate to themselves appellations which ought to be deserved by all who belong to their sacred order. We certainly do observe, that their hearers sometimes use language of this kind concerning them, and that both they and the churches in which they officiate gradually become known as affording peculiar advantages of religious instruction and consolation; but, so far from wishing to be thus distinguished, we have never seen any thing that should induce us to suppose it otherwise than their earnest desire, that every one of their brethren may be equally assiduous and useful; that from every other pulpit the great truths of christianity may be proclaimed with equal zeal and ability. And we shall always approve of their proceedings and their measures, so long as we are convinced that their object is not to be the founders of a sect or the leaders of a party, but rather faithfully and unostentatiously to discharge the duties of their office, and to contribute, as far as they are able, to the improvement of those entrusted to their charge. If indeed there be any who, not content with fulfilling their own task, invidiously bring to notice the omissions or the errors of their brethren, for such we have no design to apologize. Our object is to recommend a spirit of mutual charity and candour amongst the members of the same established communion, who, instead of turning their arms against each other, have need to join in the most strenuous exertions for the preservation of that *fortress* in which they are *entrenched*, and which is endangered, not only by the laxity of its interior discipline, but by the secret mines and open assaults of many and formidable enemies.

Let the ministers of the church of England then be at last persuaded to love as brethren; let them lay aside those bitter railings, those party epithets, those causeless jealousies by which they harass each other and weaken the common cause. Let them make allowance for those inevitable diversities of sentiment in matters of less moment which are compatible with a cordial agreement in essential truths; and rallying round the banners of the church, and walking according to the rules of discipline which it has ordained, let them endeavour to diminish schism, to confute infidelity, and to exhibit more cordiality in their connection with the common cause, than hostility in their difference.

But whilst the divisions which prevail within the walls of our establishment are subjects of great concern to all who seriously

reflect upon them, the dangers with which it is threatened from without are such as may reasonably occasion the utmost anxiety. It is not because we apprehend, that the revenues of its ministers are likely to be sequestered; it is not because we perceive any attempt to level the different ranks of its ministers, or to degrade and vilify its dignitaries, that our alarm is excited; but because we see a growing contempt of order, and an alarming neglect of discipline amongst those who profess to belong to the church, and an increase in the power and hostility of a sect which already appears to rival its influence, and seems likely at no distant period TO SUPPLANT IT.

The candour with which we have admitted the defects in the practice of our own church has certainly earned for us the right of discussing without reserve the conduct of those who, we are sorry to admit, have constituted themselves her professed opponents.

In speaking of the sect of methodists, it seems expedient to notice the injustice and impolicy of extending this name to all who shew a more than ordinary earnestness in the defence of religious doctrines, or in the practice of religious duties. It was from mistaken conduct of this kind that the sect in some measure derived its origin; for had those who were its first founders been permitted without molestation or reproach to follow the dictates of their consciences, they probably never would have forsaken the church, nor have resorted to such successful means of creating and strengthening a party first within it, and afterwards in opposition to it. The same unwise and unchristian disposition has led to that extension of the name which has been noticed. The consequence has been, that the cause of methodism has been honoured by having several illustrious senators, many pious and orthodox ministers, and even some venerable prelates classed, not by themselves indeed, but by their calumniators, amongst its patrons.

Little do the adversaries of methodism consider that they thus strengthen the sect which they are anxious to extirpate. They have made it no longer discreditable to have the name applied, because it is so often applied without the shadow of a fair pretext;—they have, in a word, taught many to believe that methodism, instead of being SCHISM AS IT REALLY IS, IS ONLY SINGULAR AND EXALTED PIETY.

There is however a religious sect, properly called methodists, (because they now acknowledge the title) whose progress affords abundant cause for alarm. They are no longer a despised and persecuted people, but are rapidly increasing in numbers and influence, and getting rich in character by the presents which the church is daily making them.

The peculiar tenets of the methodists are too well known to require any detailed statement. A description of them, by no means uncandid, though perhaps somewhat overcharged, has been lately given by an able hand. The circumstance which we chiefly wish to notice is their assiduity in drawing away proselytes from the established church, whilst at the same time they make no particular objections, either to its doctrine or its discipline.

With respect to other classes of dissenters, there were at least some ostensible, even though they might be insufficient, grounds for separation. The quakers, the baptists, the presbyterians, the independents have something to allege as a reason for their forsaking our communion. The arians and socinians in particular are absolutely excluded from it by their peculiar tenets. But the methodists profess, that in all essential particulars they agree with the church of England. They do not censure our liturgy, our articles, or our homilies; on the contrary, they appeal to them as affording (what they undoubtedly do afford) an admirable standard of sound doctrine. Neither do they object to episcopal government. Why then do they divide themselves from the church? why do they use every exertion to widen the breach, instead of making advances for reconciliation and unity? What is this but *gratuitous schism*? At the first appearance of this sect, it was held out as one of their fundamental principles that they would upon no occasion interfere in parishes where the officiating clergyman was faithful in the discharge of his duty. They professed it to be their design to seek after those scattered sheep of Christ's flock, whose proper shepherd left them to wander unregarded in the wilderness. But is this the case with them at present? Is it not notorious, that they principally intrude into those folds where the regular pastor is assiduous and laborious, where he has awakened amongst his people a serious concern for their souls and a spirit of religious inquiry? Does he establish a Sunday school? They immediately endeavour to gain an influence and even an ascendancy in it. Does he occasionally assemble the families of one or two neighbouring cottagers for the purpose of more conveniently reading and explaining the scriptures to them? They lose no time in striving to engraft a separate meeting upon his harmless assembly. We are able to testify from our own observation, and the information of pious and judicious ministers, that such is the course which they pursue, and that wherever an interest about religion has been produced by the preaching and pastoral visits of a pious clergyman, there the methodists most eagerly intrude themselves, build their hay and stubble upon his foundation,

and make those the members of a sect, who might have been bright though humble ornaments of our established communion.

It will readily be believed that these remarks from us cannot be dictated by a spirit of resentment or of jealousy. Could it once be proved that the salvation of men's souls would be more effectually promoted by the prevalence of methodism—could it be proved that the system adopted by its champions was more reconcileable to scripture, and afforded a fairer prospect of the advancement of the true interest of religion, or of the propagation of real christianity, than that which was established by the reformers of our church, we would certainly at the hazard of reproach, and, were we ministers, with the sacrifice of every worldly prospect, join their party. But all our reading and experience, and all the information we have been able to derive from the deeper reading and longer experience of others, convince us that the church of England, as it approaches nearest to the *apostolic model*,* so does it afford the most certain and durable means of religious edification, of all the societies which have been formed for that purpose since the period of the reformation. In contending therefore for the church of England, we consider ourselves as contending for the cause of pure religion. We feel a firm conviction that if her *candlestick* were to be removed out of its place, the light of the gospel would (in this country at least) be greatly obscured, if not altogether extinguished. The experiment was once tried in the fullest manner, and the result was such as must carry conviction to every reflecting mind. Let the state of religion in the days of Cromwell be considered—let the numberless divisions and heresies which arose amongst the professors of christianity be remembered—let the wild and mischievous fanaticisms which then prevailed be called to mind, and we shall see reason to acknowledge that if Divine Providence had not interfered for the restoration of our civil and ecclesiastical constitution, religion and liberty would long since have forsaken Britain.

Blessed be God! that experiment has never yet been repeated on so extensive a scale; but we daily witness a more circumscribed repetition of it, and the result is always similar. Wherever those forms of sound doctrine which are contained in the liturgy and articles of our church are laid aside, there false and pernicious opinions speedily arise.

To enumerate the many strange opinions which have been propagated by modern sectaries would be no easy task. We can scarcely expect them to be less numerous than the teachers

* See the account of the Travancore Christians in the article on Indian Idolatry, &c. in this number.

themselves, when we consider that the majority of those teachers are persons of low education and condition, who enter with little preparation on their office, and are restrained by no subscriptions, confined by no forms, and responsible, in many cases, to no superior;—when, at almost every quarter sessions, numbers present themselves to obtain licenses as religious teachers, who are unable to write their names, and in some cases even to read the very book which they undertake to expound, can we exclude the apprehension that the general prevalence of such a system must end in the subversion of all sound doctrine and sobriety of principles? It is on this account therefore, and not from any secular considerations, that we tremble at the progress of methodism: and it is because we sincerely believe that the overthrow of the church would tend to the extinction of sound religion in this country that we wish to prevent it.

Without the adoption of speedy and vigorous measures, there seems great reason to apprehend that the establishment cannot be secured. The numbers, the wealth, and consequently the power, of those who have separated from it have rapidly increased. The various classes of dissenters (divided as they are in their notions of doctrine and of discipline) are united in one common sentiment of jealousy and hostility, I had almost said hatred, of the church of England. They have also their rallying point in various institutions, particularly the London Missionary Society, which enables them to take their measures in concert, and to arrange in secret, designs which may be ready to take effect before they are discovered. Of this union, and of the inviolable secrecy sometimes preserved and secured, by means of which we can by no means approve, we have lately had a notable instance in the opposition to Lord Sidmouth's bill. In this case, unwilling as we are to advance any thing that may appear harsh, we cannot but admit that the dissenting interest, purely as it seems to show or to ascertain its power, attempted (and too successfully) violently to bear down before it every obstacle to its prurient will and pleasure, without the shadow of a plausible reason on its side. Nor can we much regret that poetical justice is now visited upon the party. They with great violence and clamour refused the conditions, which after anxious consultation with their own leaders, and with the heads of the church, were thought likely to be highly beneficial to the cause of religion—and which were certainly more calculated to add respectability to the dissenters than to be of exclusive advantage to the church;—and a subsequent decision of the Court of King's Bench has now announced to them the soundness of his lordship's views, and the benevolence of his intentions; and must cast them as petitioners upon the legislature for

the very boon which they before so unreasonably disdained. But to return: whilst a certain kind of union prevails throughout the whole of what is called the dissenting interest, the methodists are bound together by ties of peculiar strength. The great founder of the sect, Mr. Wesley, united to unquestionable piety no inconsiderable portion of worldly wisdom. His talents were scarcely unequal to the government of an empire, and they have been displayed in the formation of a system, which for its adaptation to the principles of human nature, its suitableness to extend and to maintain its influence, may well bear a comparison with the well organized establishment of Loyola.

Of this system, itinerancy is one leading and important feature. By means of it the bounds of the association are continually extending themselves. Like the Indian banyan tree, every successive ramification takes root in the soil, and becomes the parent of a new plant, extending gradually the dominion of the primitive stem, till a whole district is overshadowed by its luxuriant foliage. If the annual statement published by the methodists themselves be correct, their numbers are rapidly increasing. It appears, that at the conference held in July last, their numbers in Great Britain alone were stated at 138,000, being an increase of 6000 during the preceding year. The increase announced in 1809 was 5431. Their advancement, therefore, is rapidly progressive; and as the number of their chapels is augmented in proportion to that of their followers, we have every reason to believe that a large proportion of the population will be enlisted under their banners, not merely in distinction from, but even in opposition to, the church of England.

We think ourselves, therefore, entitled to ask as friends of that church, what efforts are made to counteract this increasing spirit of separation? The subject has by no means failed to attract attention: much has been said and written concerning it, but the language used has appeared to be dictated rather by scorn and resentment, than by the meekness or the wisdom of Christianity. The methodists have been vilified and misrepresented, yet their cause has at the same time derived advantage by the indiscriminating conduct of their adversaries. The union of the methodists may be contrasted with the disunion which is but too apparent amongst the members of the establishment. Their zeal in making proselytes has been opposed by bigotry, rather than by judicious attempts at counteraction. With one or two bright exceptions, the higher orders of the community have, in the mean time, looked on with apparent indifference; and though the subject has been brought under the consideration of the legislature with an aspect that could not be construed into

persecution and intolerance, even by the most violent advocate for religious license, it was found to be as dust in the scale when opposed to the sorry arguments but resolute demeanour of a combined junta of sectaries.

It must be admitted, however, to be by no means an easy task to point out the course which ought to be pursued. To resort to severe measures would be alike inconsistent with policy and charity. Even supposing it were right in itself, there seems reason to believe that it would be impracticable to narrow the bounds of toleration. The sweets of religious liberty have been too long enjoyed to be tamely surrendered; and it is by no means difficult to foresee, that any attempt to overcome schism, or restrain itinerancy by legal penalties, would kindle a flame which might involve both church and state in one common conflagration.

The writer of a late publication entitled "Hints on Toleration" intimates in pretty intelligible language what would be the conduct of dissenters in case any new restraints were to be laid upon them, and what the consequences to which those restraints may lead. He says,

"A question may arise: What line of conduct conscientious ministers ought to pursue, if laws were to be enacted forbidding either all dissenting ministers to preach, or only lay preachers: or forbidding to preach in an unlicensed place; and at the same time refusing to license persons and places, except under such security as the property of the parties would not meet, or under limitations to which their consciences could not accede? What has been advanced ought to outweigh every consideration of temporal interest; and if the evil genius of persecution were to appear again, I pray God that we might all be faithful to him, who hath called us to preach the gospel. Under such circumstances, let us continue to preach: if fined, let us pay the penalty and persevere in preaching: and when unable to pay the fine, or deeming it impolitic so to do, let us submit to go quietly to prison, but with the resolution still to preach upon the first opportunity, and, if possible, to collect a church even within the precincts of the gaol. He, who by these zealous exertions becomes the honoured instrument of converting one sinner unto God, will find that single seal to his ministerial labours an ample compensation for all his sufferings. In this manner, the venerable apostle of the Gentiles both avowed and proved his sincere attachment to the cause in which he had embarked: 'The Holy Ghost witnesseth in every city that bonds and afflictions abide me: but none of these things move me; neither count I my life dear unto myself so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God.' In the early ages of christianity, martyrdom was considered an eminent honour; and many of the primitive christians thrust themselves upon the notice of their heathen persecutors that they might be brought

to suffer in the cause of the Redeemer, whom they ardently loved. In the present day, christians in general incline to estimate such rash ardour as a species of enthusiasm, and feel no disposition to court the horrors of persecution; yet, if such dark and tremendous days were to return in this age of the world, ministers should retain their stations; they should be true to their charge; they should continue their ministrations, each man in his sphere, shining with all the lustre of genuine godliness, to dispel the gloom in which the nation would be then enveloped. If this line of conduct were to be adopted, and acted upon with decision, the cause of piety, of nonconformity, and of itinerant preaching, must eventually triumph. All the gaols in the country would speedily be filled: those houses of correction, which were erected for the chastisement of the vicious in the community, would be replenished with thousands of the most pious, active, and useful men in the kingdom, whose characters are held in general esteem. But the ultimate result of such despotic proceedings is beyond the ken of human prescience:—probably, appeals to the public and the legislature would teem from the press, and, under such circumstances, might diffuse a revolutionary spirit throughout the country.”

Without stopping to enter upon a detailed comment on this passage, or to point out the difference between *refusing to sanction* what we do not approve, and persecuting those who from conscientious motives act in a manner contrary to our opinions; without laying any stress on the sentiment which manifestly pervades it, that every self-constituted teacher *is a minister* of the gospel, and entitled to apply to himself the language of the apostles; without inquiring how far *piety, nonconformity, and itinerant preaching*, are necessarily to be accounted synonymous terms; it may suffice to remark, that this passage shows for what the sectaries are prepared, and to what they look forward as the natural consequence of any attempt to restrain them by the hand of power.

We should be as sorry to see them enter upon such a career with reason, as we are convinced that they would not be quite so ill-advised as to enter upon it, on any such flimsy pretences as those lately set forth in the documents which they called petitions; but which really appeared to us to have about as much to do with the question, concerning which they pretended to petition, as if they had copied half a dozen stanzas from Chevy Chase or the Curse of Kehama. Moreover, we cannot but think it the duty of the legislature of a great country to persevere in what is evidently just and fair, and for the advantage of the community, notwithstanding any partial outcry; and we are persuaded, that in the end such policy will be found not only the most noble but the most safe.

That something like what is in the foregoing passage held out

as the consequence, would take place, if any thing like *real persecution* were attempted, is by no means improbable. But God forbid, that so imprudent—so unchristian a design should be formed!—God forbid, that any other weapons should be resorted to than those which are spiritual, and which can be employed without the sacrifice of christian meekness!

No!—It will little avail to resort to pains and penalties; if the church would be safe, it must learn a lesson from its opponents. It must awake to active exertion. It must strive to counteract the efforts of those who would overthrow it, by increasing zeal, increasing attention to discipline, increasing care to supply the wants of those who are hungering for the bread of life. Blessed be God, great as are the sins of this nation, and much reason as there is to lament the indifference to religious subjects which has long prevailed,—that indifference has been much diminished within the last few years. For this diminution we are perhaps, in some measure, indebted to the sectaries; in some measure to the awful examples afforded by the desolation of other European nations, but chiefly, it may be hoped, to a more abundant effusion of the grace of God.

There prevails at this time, amongst all the orders of society, a considerable interest concerning religious truths, and an active spirit of inquiry; these are evidenced by the eagerness with which the holy scriptures and other religious writings are sought after, and by the disposition to listen to those who offer instruction on such subjects. Of this disposition the methodists have amply availed themselves. But the establishment has been, in the mean time, comparatively torpid; and indeed were all its members fully awake to a sense of the duties which the times render peculiarly incumbent, the existing system and the prevailing prejudices must of necessity greatly shackle their exertion. It is obvious, and has been often observed, that one of the most important difficulties which it would be needful to overcome, arises from the disproportion which the existing places of worship bear to the growing population of the kingdom. Now, in such situations, the dissenters find no difficulty in erecting places of worship. All they have to do is to collect a subscription and to purchase a building, or ground on which one may be erected, suited to their purpose. But the members of the church have so many persons to consult, so many jarring interests to reconcile, so much to settle about rights of patronage and rights of management, that they are often induced to lay aside the design as hopeless, and to worship in the conventicle erected by their schismatic neighbours. It becomes, therefore, an object of first-rate importance to increase the facility of erecting chapels subject to the discipline of the church of England,

but of which the ministers may be, in some degree at least, nominated by those who are at the expense of the erection. Such a privilege might be granted without interfering with the emoluments of the incumbent, whose tithes, oblations, and fees, would still be equally secured to him. It must be acknowledged, that in such a case a minister might be nominated to the chapel who might be unacceptable to the incumbent, and a *contested election* might sometimes occur. But these appear less evils than that of compelling a large body of the parishioners to desert the establishment; and amidst various difficulties, it is an obvious rule, that the least should be selected. A more effectual remedy, however, would be the division and sub-division of parishes, so as to render them more capable of being governed by one minister, and their inhabitants of assembling in one place of worship.

Until this important difficulty could be overcome, it seems highly expedient, that the clergy should not only be permitted, but encouraged occasionally, to assemble those of their parishioners who reside at a great distance from the parish church in the most convenient building that can be procured, and there to read to them the church prayers, and address to them suitable discourses. To such a proposal, the obvious objection would be made, that it would lessen the solemnity of public worship, if permission were given to perform it in places used at other times for the common purposes of life. The answer to this objection is, that necessity dispenses from those rules which it might be otherwise expedient to observe. The first Christians held their assemblies in an upper chamber; the deck of a ship is at sea considered as a suitable place for the performance of divine service—the drum-head in a barrack—and at some of our public watering places (especially at Buxton) the offices of the church have been performed in rooms ordinarily devoted to purposes of amusement; and dignitaries of the church have attended on and even officiated in the service. Why then should it be deemed improper for a pious clergyman, whose parish is of such an extent, that many of the inhabitants, and especially women who have young children, and the infirm and aged, can seldom attend divine service at church; why, let it be asked, should it be improper for a clergyman so circumstanced, to assemble persons of this description at stated times in the most convenient room he can procure, and there afford them an opportunity of social worship, and explain to them the truths and duties of Christianity?

In our last number, (p. 438,) we had the pleasure of stating an attempt made by the Bishop of Durham to establish a place of worship of this kind within his diocese. We have since learn-

ed, that doubts were entertained concerning the *legality* of such an establishment; and it gives *us the most heartfelt satisfaction* to be able to inform our readers, that in consequence of the zeal and activity of the BISHOP OF LONDON, the highest legal opinions have been taken, and that they are unanimous in favour of the undoubted right of the bishops to authorize the establishment of such places of worship.

It may be said, that extra services of this nature would be highly burdensome to the clergy, who have already in most cases as much duty as they are able to perform. Let it be answered, that the suggestion extends to the permission not the requisition of such "*labours of love*," or, as a Romanist would call them, such "*works of supererogation*." To the consciences of the clergy must be left the decision concerning what they are able to perform. If, however, they are animated by a due zeal for the honour of their divine Master, by a due eagerness to promote the salvation of souls, it may be added by a regard to the safety of that church to which they belong, they will not shrink from exertions which the methodistical teachers so readily undertake, and in which they should not permit themselves to be outdone by them.

It is here that another difficulty presents itself. It cannot be concealed that there is still a lamentable want of zeal in the establishment. That deficiency indeed is far from universal, but it is much more general than it ought to be—and it may be easily accounted for from this circumstance; that the sacred office is very generally entered more from the love of ease, or literature, or from the more sordid desire of secular advantage, than from a wish to promote the salvation of souls. It would lead into too long a detail were the present system of patronage to be analyzed, were the means by which preferments are often obtained to be described, or were the course usually pursued in preparation for the sacred office to be investigated. Overstrained as it is, we fear that the pamphlet before us contains too much that is well founded on this subject. It would be a mean and useless subterfuge to attempt to *explain it all away*.

He who has passed through an academical education, knows how little the ordinary habits of young men during their residence in the university are suited to qualify them for the work of the ministry. He who lives at all in the world cannot fail to know, that presentations to a benefice, to say nothing of higher and if possible more important offices, are far more commonly obtained through political influence or private friendship, than on account of eminent piety or distinguished qualifications for the pastoral charge. This has been no slight cause of the evil which we all lament. Our parishes have not been generally filled

with zealous and laborious ministers; many of those who have deserved that character have not been duly patronized by their superiors, nor encouraged by their brethren:—they have rather been branded with some reproachful epithet, and treated as enemies to that church of which they were in truth very bright examples.

If, however, we desire that the church should be preserved, we must implore the great Lord of the harvest to send forth labourers into the harvest, we must honour those that are such, and use our utmost endeavours to promote the success of their labours.

We must also, oppressed as we are by our other public burdens, be willing to raise an adequate fund for the support of an additional number of clergymen in populous districts, and for the more adequate remuneration of those who are serving large parishes without deriving from them the means of comfortable subsistence. Upon the necessity, and the mode of making this provision, we refer our readers to a very useful pamphlet entitled, “Substance of the Speech of the Earl of Harrowby, June 18, 1810.” They will there find briefly, but clearly discussed, the moral and physical wants of the church, and we think that they will agree with us in thinking that the arguments are no less conclusive against the crude opinions of another noble lord, than demonstrative of rational and enlightened zeal in forwarding the true interests of the established church. The late returns to the legislature show how numerous are the parishes whose vicarages or perpetual curacies have been deprived of the original maintenance of the minister by the abuse of lay impropriation. To attempt an alienation of the tithes subject to impropriation (particularly those held by laymen,) would be, in the present state of things, an unwarrantable invasion of the established rights of property; but in many cases, if a fulfilment of the fundamental condition enjoined by the laws of the land were required, namely, that every impropriator should afford a convenable maintenance to the officiating clergyman, a considerable diminution of the evil would take place. In many instances, if the public repositories of ancient ecclesiastical documents were carefully searched, endowments of vicarages, which have long been lost, would be brought to light, or such papers discovered as would cause the detection of many frauds committed by the ancient patrons on the benefices of which they had the disposal.

In many *such parishes* there is a large proportion of waste land, from which, if a small allotment were assigned by the authority of parliament to the minister, his income might be augmented without an increase of national expenditure, and without any

material sacrifice on the part of his parishioners, who ought cheerfully to consent to a measure so likely to increase the usefulness as well as the comfort of their minister, where his provision is evidently too small for his station.

In addition to such measures as it might be thought expedient to adopt for encreasing the number of places of worship and augmenting the incomes of ill provided ministers, a revival of primitive discipline and an increase of *episcopal vigilance** is highly to be desired. By this is not meant an enforcement of obsolete canons, or an exertion of vexatious interference, but an active and personal examination of the state of parishes and the characters of clergymen, an encouragement of the diligent, a reprehension of the negligent and worldly, an endeavour to promote unity and mutual concord, and a frequent consultation concerning those means which might best promote the prosperity of the church in general, and the improvement of each district in particular. A system of this sort is said to have been established in the diocese of St. Davids, which is highly worthy of imitation. To this should be added, earnest endeavours on the part of the clergy to explain to their parishioners, in a familiar manner, the nature and excellencies of our establishment, and the high claims which it has to their respect and adherence.

In a word, if we would defeat the designs of those who meditate the overthrow of our ecclesiastical polity, we must resort to a system of active but amicable counteraction. We must, as it was once said by a pious prelate, out-preach, out-pray, and out-live our dissenting brethren.—We must refrain from all intemperate language, and all unkind conduct; we must endeavour by gentle means, to draw back to our communion those who have departed from it, whilst we use our utmost exertions to remove all pretence, and obviate all necessity for further separation. Unity among churchmen, increased zeal on the part of the clergy of all ranks, a more abundant supply of places of worship, and permission to ministers to take such means as appear best to them for the edification of their own parishioners,

* The late Bishop Porteus (as we find in his nephew's publication) never held a confirmation without following it up with a forcible address to the young persons assembled; and if we consider the imposing nature of the ceremony to their young and innocent minds, fresh from the simple objects and ideas familiar to the age of childhood, and just impressed by the ministers of their parish with the religious responsibility they are about to assume, we can conceive no practice more likely to create that lasting conviction of the duty and importance of a religious life, which must always arise from the combined operations of the feelings and the judgment. It is with great regret, then, that we see this practice so uncommon in the church; the omission appears to be no part of a sound system.

subject always to vigilant and reasonable, but not vexatious episcopal superintendence. These seem to be the only measures, or at least the most important of those, by which the growth of schism, and the consequent downfall of the church, is to be prevented.

Should these observations, imperfect as we fear they are, contribute in any degree to so important an object, we shall be most humbly and sincerely thankful; and shall rejoice in having rendered even the slightest service to that excellent church, to which we glory in belonging, and for the preservation of which our earnest prayers will, we trust, never cease to be offered.



Irish Melodies, with Words, by Thomas Moore, Esq. Four Numbers. London, 1812.

[From the Quarterly Review, for June, 1812.]

WE offer no apology to our readers for stepping a little out of our track to review a series of poems published with music; because, as they bear the name of Mr. Moore, it will at once be perceived that they can have no affinity to those well-bred effusions, which Laurretta and Rosabella are perpetually prevailing upon their music masters to print with a tune.

Nothing can be more satisfactorily explained than the high degree of honour acquired by the lyric bards of antiquity. Their poetry had not only sublimity and beauty to strike the soul and win the affections, but enjoyed the farther benefit of musical accompaniments, admirably suited to fan the animation which they kindled. When to this we add the occasions on which the lyrical compositions of the Greeks were usually exhibited, at sacred festivals and public rejoicings, where the splendour and solemnity, the bustle and pride of the scene, concurred to awaken the strongest emotions of taste and patriotism, we shall not wonder that, among so susceptible and polished a people, the odes and chorusses of their great poets were regarded with an enthusiasm at once affectionate and ardent. And, as the elevation of one branch of a family frequently exalts the others, the glory belonging to the sublimer classes of lyric poetry reflected its lustre on those slighter effusions which were allied to them by their common connection with music.

But the changes of manners have wrought correspondent revolutions in taste. The impatience of fashion will endure no piece of music which has not the recommendation of brevity, whatever be the merit of the poetry connected with it. Few

odes, therefore, are now set to music; so that the greatest part of what is called lyric poetry in the works of the chief modern writers is no longer lyric except in its name, having avowedly been written, not to be accompanied by music, but simply to be read. Indeed it was not to be expected that men of genius, accustomed to classic and canonized forms, would often be found willing to curtail their compositions for the sake of musical accompaniment; so little has usually been the reputation attached to the shorter effusions of poetry.

We conceive that song-writing has sunk in popular estimation far below its just level; but we can scarcely wonder at it, when we contemplate the demerits of those who, through a long succession of years, have addicted themselves to the polite art of making canzonets for the young ladies of their acquaintance. These well-meaning persons, we fear, have brought discredit upon the Muse who has been so unfortunate as to obtain their partiality; and thus, probably, it has happened that lyric poetry has lost so much of its ancient honour. Its character and consequence have been appraised in the gross, and the few good poets overlooked or confounded in the multitude of pretenders.

This indiscriminating depreciation is, in truth, an error much more important than at first sight it may appear; not only as taste is concerned, but as national character may be affected. We do not mean to insist upon the influence which poetry has actually had in forming or improving the minds or manners of the English people; nay, we are afraid that the enthusiasm of taste has but too often overrated the effect of every fine art upon the national character—unless, indeed, the phrase is meant to denote merely the character of the higher ranks of society. This want of effect however must not be ascribed to any inherent inefficacy in the nature of poetry itself; but to the circumstances, which, in this case, have denied it the opportunity of proving its influence. In Greece, where its enjoyments were communicated through the medium of music to all ranks of the people, we have no doubt that poetry had great power in raising as well as refining the general character. Even the wild descants of the rude minstrels of later times, have, in all forms, and most especially when accompanied by music, affected, in a marked and permanent manner, the characters of courts, and even of camps. We cannot but believe, therefore, that similar effects would have been produced by poetry upon our own commonalty if they had enjoyed similar advantages. Certainly, in the only case in which the experiment has been tried, we mean among our sailors, the result has been signally beneficial; and we should be wanting in justice if we did not add, highly cre-

ditable to the talents and feelings of the venerable bard who so patriotically devoted his genius to their service.

We admit that the temperament which disposes the soul to take fire at the beauties of poetry, must, in every state, be limited to a very small number; and we suspect that even these, considered as a body, are not the most moral class of the community. The warmth which makes them so feelingly alive to the charms of verse, is apt to lead them to the indulgence of less innocent emotions; and though they may be capable of a sudden exertion of virtue, yet that very propensity which disposes them to receive impressions so readily, occasions these to be as readily effaced.

It is not however by this romantic kind of impression, that the most important benefits of poetry are usually produced. These, we think, are more essentially promoted by that repugnance to every thing mean and ignoble, which becomes habitual from the study of nature in the purity of her poetical form; by the innocent, and at the same time agreeable direction which the pursuits of taste impart to the idler propensities of the mind; by the influence of generous and pathetic verse in keeping open those hearts which are in danger of being choked with the cares of business, or the still more hardening apathy of wealth; and, most of all, by that suavity of manner which the fine arts create and nourish, and which education and the unrestrained intercourse of good society are daily extending from the higher to the middling classes. It is not, in short, to strong impressions made on particular persons, but to the laudable habits and manners which a prevailing disposition to poetical pursuits insensibly insinuates into the whole social system, that we ascribe the benefit produced by poetry upon national character. That benefit is not a sudden luxuriance engendered by a partial inundation: it grows and ripens like the regular harvest of the season, fostered by the dews and silent rains of heaven.

These are some of our reasons for regretting, that the chief English poets have contributed so little toward a collection of songs worthy to accompany the bold and touching strains of music bequeathed by the bards of more romantic ages. We have stated our opinions rather largely, because we think that the present circumstances of society have given the subject more consequence than it ever possessed before. The abolition of those prejudices which so long condemned the female part of the community to intellectual idleness, has admitted a new and very numerous class to the enjoyments of poetry. Now, of all the poetry which women usually read, the verses that accompany their music form by far the most important portion. If then it be of consequence to form and guide the tastes and pursuits

of those who are to be wives and mothers, we should encourage the genius of our lyric poets to its utmost attainable perfection. We should remember the flexibility of the female mind in early youth, and the readiness with which it receives either a good or an evil impulse. We should consider the extreme sensibility of women to the charms of music, and their sympathy with the tone of feeling, which the words connected with that music breathe. We should reflect too upon the striking effects which, in countries where such poems have been more highly valued, the songs of love, of war, and of patriotism have produced, not upon women only, but upon 'bearded men:' and thus be led to take a more liberal view of an art which, rightly directed, must be essentially conducive to the cultivation of the warmest, and tenderest affections of the heart.

Before we proceed to the direct examination of Mr. Moore's poems, we must be permitted to say a few words about the qualities which we conceive to be the most essential in a song. The first requisite appears to be a decisive tone of feeling, whether joyous or melancholy, tender or heroic. In the next place, the versification, we think, should be free from all forced inversion; a species of construction which saves the trouble of the writer by increasing that of the reader; which checks the flow of sympathy even at its crisis; and renders the representation of nature a distortion of her features and not a reflection.

We will mention only one more quality essential to a song,—it should be very short. There is some difficulty, no doubt, in producing a strong effect upon the feelings within the small compass of two or three stanzas; but this makes it the more necessary to allure superior talents into the undertaking. Ambition is not appalled by difficulties when honour lies beyond them; and if the reputation of song writing were placed on a more equal footing with that of other poetry, the additional toil which songs require would be counterbalanced by the more general circulation which their association with music usually obtains for them. In one or other of these requisites most of the older songs are obviously defective: and the praise of producing a large and interesting collection, not only free from cramp versification and prolixity, but distinguished for positive excellence, was reserved for the poet whose works are now before us.

Of his original and fatal error, the sacrifice of decorum at the altar of love, that crime for which, in his youth, he 'lost the world, and was content to lose it,' the present volumes happily retain no traces. The soul of his poetry has transmigrated into a purer form; and the verse, which once courted admiration by meretricious enticements alone, now steals to the heart with

a surer interest, by the modesty which softens and consecrates the influence of beauty.

The most remarkable fault, in the plan of the present work, is a superabundance of ballads upon topics merely Irish. If Mr. Moore were a person whose writings were not calculated to extend beyond the narrow circle of a few discontented place-hunters in Ireland, he might strike his harp in vituperation of government until its strings cracked, without molestation from us; but as this work, not only from the author's previous fame, but from its own intrinsic merits, is likely to attract considerable attention, we put it to Mr. Moore's own judgment, whether he would not have consulted his reputation more effectually by excluding all topics of a local or political nature; topics, which by impartial readers are generally scanned with indifference, and by no small number of zealous partisans with absolute disgust. At the same time it is but justice to confess that there are some of this class (particularly the third song in the third number, beginning 'Oh! blame not the bard') of which, in our opinion, the energy and pathos have seldom been exceeded.

In the next place, it must be observed, that our poet is but too prone to run into strained, incorrect, and remote resemblances, so that he becomes confused, and sometimes even unintelligible. Yet he has the skill to disguise his inaccuracies in language so elegant, and melody so lulling, that though the fallacy be perceptible to the reader, the hearer is almost inevitably deceived.

There are also two or three songs in the collection, partaking of that character which, for want of a more classical title, has been usually styled, the namby-pamby. Such are, 'While gazing on the moon's light,' in the third number, and 'What the bee is to the flowret,' in the fourth. There are also a few, though but a few, which have no striking beauty, and no glaring demerit.

But, when we have set aside all those passages which are faulty for political and local partialities, or the intermixture of false and far-fetched thoughts, or the introduction of incoherent metaphors and epithets, or a simplicity bordering upon childishness, or the mere absence of positive merit—there will still be left a large body of songs, exhibiting, we venture to say, a greater variety, and a higher tone of excellence than this order of poetry has often before attained. The most careless reader must be struck by the imagery of the following stanza: there is an old tradition that Lough Neagh suddenly rose above its level, and overwhelmed a whole region: long after which event, according to Giraldus, 'the fishermen, in clear weather, used to point out to strangers the tall ecclesiastical towers, still rearing themselves beneath the waters.'

‘ On Lough Neagh’s bank as the fisherman strays,
 When the clear cold eve’s declining,
 He sees the round towers of other days,
 In the wave beneath him shining!

Thus shall memory often, in dreams sublime,
 Catch a glimpse of the days that are over,
 Thus, sighing, look thro’ the waves of time,
 For the long faded glories they cover.’

In the delineation of that deep and settled melancholy, which affects the heart with a dead, yet aching heaviness, and makes life appear a blank, uninteresting alike in its pleasures and its pains, Mr. Moore is peculiarly successful.

‘ As a beam o’er the face of the waters may glow,
 While the tide runs in darkness and coldness below,
 So the cheek may be tinged with a warm sunny smile,
 Tho’ the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while.

One fatal remembrance, one sorrow, that throws
 Its bleak shade alike o’er our joys and our woes,
 To which life nothing darker or brighter can bring,
 For which joy has no balm, and affliction no sting;—

Oh, that thought in the midst of enjoyment will stay,’ &c. &c.

Nor is he less so, where a gleam of gaiety is admitted to relieve the sadness of the sentiment; as in the eighth song of the first number:

‘ O think not my spirits are always as light,
 And as free from a pang, as they seem to you now;
 Nor expect that the heart-beaming smile of to-night
 Will return with to-morrow to brighten my brow;—

No, life is a waste of wearisome hours,
 Which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns!
 And the heart that is soonest awake to the flowers,
 Is always the first to be touch’d by the thorns!

But send round the bowl and be happy awhile;
 May we never meet worse in our pilgrimage here,
 Than the tear that enjoyment can gild with a smile,
 And the smile that compassion can turn to a tear!

The thread of our life would be dark, Heaven knows!
 If it were not with friendship and love intertwined:
 And I care not how soon I may sink to repose,
 When these blessings shall cease to be dear to my mind!

But they who have lov’d the fondest the purest,
 Too often have wept o’er the dream they believ’d:
 And the heart, that has slumber’d in friendship securest,
 Is happy indeed if ’twas never deceiv’d!

But send round the bowl; while a relic of truth
Is in man or in woman, this pray'r shall be mine:—
That the sunshine of love may illumine our youth,
And the moonlight of friendship console our decline!

Of his grace and facility in narrative, our readers may take the ballad called 'Eveleen's Bower,' as an example:

'Oh weep for the hour,
When to Eveleen's bower,
The Lord of the Valley with false vows came!
The moon hid her light
From the Heaven's that night,
And wept behind her clouds o'er the maiden's shame.
The clouds past soon
From the chaste cold moon,
And Heaven smil'd again with her vestal flame!
But none will see the day,
When the clouds shall pass away,
Which that dark hour left upon Eveleen's fame.
The white snow lay
On the narrow path-way,
Where the Lord of the Valley cross'd over the moor!
And many a deep print
On the white snow's tint,
Show'd the track of his footstep to Eveleen's door.
The next sun's ray
Soon melted away
Every trace of the path where the false Lord came:
But there's a light above,
Which alone can remove
That stain upon the snow of fair Eveleen's fame.'

Mr. Moore possesses, we think, in an eminent degree, the virtue of poetical spirit, that excellence which redeems so many faults. When his feelings are roused, he pours them out with an eloquent energy, which sweeps along as freely as if there were no shackles of rhyme or metre to confine its movements.

'We swear to revenge them!—no joy shall be tasted,
The harp shall be silent, the maiden unwed,
Our halls shall be mute, and our fields shall lie wasted,
Till vengeance is wreak'd on the murderer's head!
Yes, monarch! though sweet are our home recollections,
Though sweet are the tears that from tenderness fall,
Though sweet are our friendships, and hopes, and affections,
Revenge on a tyrant is sweetest of all.'

Of all the charms, however, which the poetry of these volumes may be thought to possess, there is none so captivating to us, as its genuine tenderness:

‘ Though the last glimpse of Erin with sorrow I see,
 Yet wherever thou art shall seem Erin to me:
 In exile thy bosom shall still be my home,
 And thine eyes make my climate wherever we roam.’

And if there had been no political allusion, we might have recognized, as one of the most affecting poems in the English language, the address of the lover to his mistress:

‘ When he who adores thee has left but the name
 Of his fault and his sorrows behind,
 Oh! say, wilt thou weep, when they darken the fame
 Of a life, that for thee was resign’d?
 Yes, weep! and, however my foes may condemn,
 Thy tears shall efface their decree,
 For Heaven can witness, tho’ guilty to them,
 I have been but too faithful to thee!

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love,
 Ev’ry thought of my reason was thine:—
 In my last humble pray’r to the Spirit above
 Thy name shall be mingled with mine!
 Oh bless’d are the lovers and friends who shall live
 The days of thy glory to see:
 But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give,
 Is the pride of thus dying for thee!’

On the whole, the songs accompanying the Irish melodies, contain, together with some faults, a proportion of beauties more numerous and striking than can readily be found in any similar work with which we are acquainted. The author has the merit of setting an example, which, though it may not be easily equalled, will, in all probability, be imitated, and we hope, not without benefit to literary taste and national character.

The Letters of the British Spy. 12mo. London, 1812.

THIS little volume was first of all printed in an American Daily Paper, called the Virginia Argus. They are pretended to have been originally written by a young Englishman of rank during a tour through the United States, in 1803, &c. Member of the British Parliament. But they were in reality written by an American, and are a creditable example of the progress of the Americans in elegant literature; they contain some curious and interesting remarks on subjects of geography and general literature, with moral and political observations occasionally interspersed. The author, whoever he may be, seems to have considerable skill in delineating characters, but this portion of his work will create less interest here than on the other side of the Atlantic. We are glad that the proprietors have reprinted it in this country, and should be inclined to suppose that they will find it answer their purpose.

British Critic.

SPIRIT OF MAGAZINES.

CUSTOMS AND MANNERS OF TONGATABOO.

From an authentic Narrative of four years' residence there.

"My intimacy and credit with the chiefs daily increased, and I generally made one of their party, both on business and recreation:

"The chief, near whom I lived, had a brother at Arbai, a cluster of islands at no great distance, composed of Anamooka and other islands; and as his son was going thither on a festive occasion, he invited me to accompany him. I was pleased with the prospect of an excursion, and fitted out the canoe, which I had built, with the assistance of my workmen, for the voyage.

"I was much entertained in the tour, and joined the natives in all their amusements. The chief, whom we visited, mentioned to me a young person, whom he wished I would do him the honour to marry, that he might be related to me. She was a fair pretty girl, only fourteen years of age. I did not take her as my wife, but espoused her by a matrimonial ceremony, which often takes place, like the Jewish espousal, years before the consummation of the nuptials.

"The matrimonial ceremonies were performed at this time in a grand marriage between Dugonagaboola, and the daughter of a chief of Arbai. To honour his nuptials by our attendance, was the cause of our excursion thither. Upon our arrival, we found Dugonagaboola had been there a fortnight, to provide for the festivities of his approaching wedding. By this time a large store of provisions was accumulated, consisting of pigs, yams, plantains, cocoa-nuts, &c. all which, on the bridal morn, were brought in regular order before the chief, whose daughter was to be married, and presented to him.

"The bride, a fine woman of twenty-three years of age, came soon after, at the head of three hundred women, who followed her in procession. Her dress was modest and elegant: a thin vest, neatly crimped, of a dark colour, which shewed her complexion to advantage, was fastened under her arms, and hung down to her waist, where it was bound close, by a skirt, enriched with flowery ornaments of matting.

"She walked at the distance of two or three paces before them; her carriage was graceful and majestic, yet modest; her eyes cast down with that diffident coyness and decorous timidity, which, notwithstanding the audacity of the age, so often heightens the charms of the daughters of Britain.

"As she entered the green before the fallée, or habitation, where the guests were all seated in comely rank and order, a female advanced from the company, and taking her respectfully by the hand, conducted her to her husband, and gracefully seated her by his side. The attendants then retired from her, and seated themselves in order with the guests, leaving the bride and bridegroom in a little space by themselves. The provisions were then plentifully distributed. After the repast, the bridegroom rose, advanced to the shore, and went on board the canoe. The three hundred women that attended her, rose up after him, conducted the bride in a procession to the shore, and four of them handed her into the canoe, and gently seated her by the side of her husband. She then took leave of them. I did not perceive her shed tears, but she hung down her head with a melancholy, modest air, and gently waved her hand as a farewell. The four attendants remained with her till the canoe was rowing off: they had been with her from her birth till this moment; when they resigned their charge to four others, who were to be the same guardians of her fidelity, as the former had been of her virginity. It is the custom through life thus carefully to keep the daughters of the principal chiefs. They are never suffered to be without one or two of these attendants, night and day. The young women indeed pride themselves much upon their virginity, which they call *taihencee*: and as the token and ornament of that state, their hair is suffered to remain uncut till their marriage. Whether this distinction, which is here properly considered the virgin's glory, is then laid aside, because her honour then becomes inseparable from that of the husband, I know not, but it is singular, that they have only one word to express both husband and wife, viz. *Oanna*, as though the union was so intimate that even language could not refer to the one, without including the other.

"As the husband receives his partner unspotted, he provides a similar guard to preserve her so: for unchastity is considered of so little account at Tonga, that though the husband might severely punish an offender, if discovered, yet they are frequently guilty of it in secret: the principal chiefs, therefore, have their wives guarded by elderly women; and O, that the influence of bad example may never make a Briton regret the want of such a precaution in his own land.

"Before I leave this subject, I will venture an anachronism,

by relating the process of a courtship at Tonga, as I witnessed it upon my return, till it closed in the marriage of the parties.

“A chief had conceived an affection for the daughter of a neighbouring chief, in Tongataboo. His intention was made known to the parents by a present of provisions, which was brought while I was with them, by a messenger, who at the same time communicated his master's wishes to marry their daughter. The parents received the proposal with indifference, as though not desirous of an alliance with them. The agent urged his suit, but could not prevail upon them to accept of the present. This was an indication of not consenting to the match; and the man returned with his present. The next day he came with an address still more urgent, and a present of provisions more abundant: this was also rejected. On the third application, however, the parents yielded to the solicitations of this petty envoy, and accepted of his present; which was the sign of their consent. They then communicated the affair to the daughter, who consented to the match. But, as the choice of a husband is not in the power of the daughters, but he is provided by the discretion of the parent, an instance of refusal on the part of the daughter is unknown at Tongataboo. This, however, is deemed no hardship there, where divorce and unchastity are so general. Some power of accepting or rejecting a partner for life, seems highly reasonable for the fair inhabitants of an island, where marriage, sanctioned and confirmed by laws human and divine, is justly considered an inviolable covenant for life: and a chaste fidelity, the pure fountain of its bliss, which would be destroyed by the least contamination.

“Preparations were then made for the nuptials. The joyful bridegroom arrived, and the virgin was introduced to him at the head of the same ceremonious procession described above, only in the latter part of the day. Almost the whole district was collected together to celebrate the marriage, and partook plentifully of the provisions collected for the occasion. At the close of the festival, the attendant women took the modest bride, who was seated by the side of her husband, by the hand, and gracefully conducted her in procession through the range of guests, to an apartment prepared for the occasion, to which he also soon retired; whilst the numerous visitors spent the night in entertainments and dances.

“These dances were performed with admirable skill. Every possible motion and inflexion of the body was made with an uniformity and rapidity, which the torpid limbs of Europeans could not, except after a very long course of exercise from earliest youth, imitate. The utmost order and decorum prevailed

throughout this festive exhibition of agility and joy; which terminated only with the dawn.

“ After amusing ourselves for many days on this island, and receiving the most friendly attentions from the chiefs, Malkaamair’s son fixed a period for our return; and a number of canoes assembled to accompany us.

“ At day-break we took leave of the old chief, whom we had visited, and his young female relation, whom I had espoused, and sailed off for Tongataboo, which lay at the distance of sixty or seventy miles. The canoes sailed at the rate of six or seven miles in an hour, and brought us to the shores of Tonga in the evening; where we all repaired to our respective districts.

“ I was charmed on my return with the flourishing appearance of my plantation. The bread-fruit, cocoa and plantain trees, had already shot forth branches, which promised, ere long, to cast around them a friendly shade. Some bread-fruit trees, almost as large as the oak, had indeed spread their sheltering arms for years near the spot where I built my fallow; and now their fruits hung in clusters amongst the branches, some as large as a boy’s head, full grown, and exuding a gum; others turned yellow, through ripeness, and the gum dried up. These fruits, when cut into four parts, and baked like potatoes in the fire, in a kind of oven, formed a good substitute for bread, while the ripe cocoa-nuts supplied me with both meat and drink of a delicious flavour, and the plantains furnished me with a refreshing desert after dinner. The oven which they use is a hole dug in the ground, the sides obliquely sloped: in this they kindle a fire, on which they place some stones; as soon as these are red hot, they draw the burnt sticks from under them, and, spreading the stones, place their provisions on them: they then lay some sticks prepared for the purpose across the hole to keep it hollow, and cover them with plantain and other broad and long leaves; on which they heap grass and sods, to confine the heat. In this manner their provisions are cooked in the course of half an hour. I have seen a pig of the weight of fourteen or sixteen stone sufficiently baked in one of these ovens in the space of four hours.

“ The rows of sugar canes which I had planted on each side the path leading to the high road, had shot up to the height of eight or ten feet; and now they embowered and entwined themselves, so as to form a shady walk. I had improved upon the method of planting them, usual with the natives. They cut the stalk of a cane into two or three pieces, and planted them nearly upright in the ground; these shot forth stems at the lower knots, but decayed at the top. I planted them lengthways, in furrows, and thus succeeded in obtaining suckers from every knot.

“By this expedient my plantation of canes so increased after a time, that I had abundance for my own use, and for presents to my friends. My little farm was a garden throughout. Many came to offer themselves for workmen, as my land was free from *fadongyeer*, or tax on labour, and my labourers met with kind treatment. I willingly received them, as I took much pleasure in agriculture; and the chiefs perceiving my industry and success, and entertaining a friendship for me, gave me permission to cultivate lots of land adjoining to my own; and, ere long, I purchased some fields bordering upon my abbee, so that at last it comprised fifty acres; and my own household sometimes contained no less than thirty persons. So great was the fertility of my abbee, that I had yams, cocoa-nuts, and plantains, in such abundance, that even in the *hungry season*, or time of scarcity, after making liberal presents to my neighbours, and feasting my own family with daily plenty, the fruits were left to drop off the trees. I mention this circumstance, also, to show the honesty of the natives, and their regard for strangers. Though they thought it rather a commendable dexterity, than a crime, to rob European articles, because so rare and valuable, yet they would not plunder the plantation of another, especially that of a stranger. Many of the natives around who were pressed with want, came to beg the fruits of my estate. The abbee was robbed however but once, and that was by one man of the lowest order. He was detected by some other natives, who with great dexterity, discovered that he was the person who had stolen some pines and plantains from my abbee, by bringing the fruits to the trees, from which they had been robbed, and fitting them to the branches where they had been broken off. So great is their severity against a plunderer of the plantations, that they would have put him to death, had not I interposed: but they would not be satisfied without tying him up and flogging him.

“The umbrageous walk, which my thick-set hedge of canes soon formed, was the admiration of all who saw it. It was my pleasure to trim my little shrubbery, and keep it clean and neat: and its delicious fruits and cooling shade, amply repaid me for my trouble. When wearied with labour, in my fields, I found great refreshment in walking or reclining in my embowering harbour of canes, and sucking the juicy sugar they contained. I used to break off a cane at the root, snap it into two or three parts, and, stripping down the cane, suck the pith, which was saturated with the sweet juice.

“The cane, when grown to perfection, was as thick as four fingers; but the chiefs were so fond of it, that they would not refrain from eating it till it arrived at maturity. It was a common amusement with them, to chew it for hours together.

"I much enjoyed my embowering walk of canes. I wish I could say, that while I sat under its shadow with great delight, and its "fruit was sweet to my taste," I had meditated with a grateful heart on Him, of whom these words imply, that his favour refreshes the wearied soul, and his "word is sweeter than the precious cane."

"While I enjoyed, under the shade of my fruitful trees, a pleasant tranquillity, in the simplicity of nature, had I endeavoured to direct the minds of the natives, who visited me, or my own household, to the glorious Parent of good, and to his blessed Son, the restorer of Eden's lost bliss, my present reflections would fill me with delight instead of shame. But, alas, I now needed instruction and reproof myself! I had so much imbibed the spirit of the natives, and joined their practices, that I never attempted to teach and improve them; or else, in a household of twenty, and sometimes of thirty people, who lived in my habitation, as my attendants and workmen, I might have done much good. But I thought of nothing but employing them for my service, in the labours of the day, or for my amusement in the diversions of the evening.

"Yet there were times, when ideas were thrown out, by the natives, respecting the immortality of the soul, which much surprised and abashed me. One day, I recollect, they were conversing about a person that was lately dead: they said to each other, "he goes to the island through the sky," an expression by which they denoted a place very far off, as beyond the horizon, where the sky appeared to touch the earth. Wishing to know their sentiments upon this subject, I pretended ignorance and disbelief. "How can he be," said I, "in that place, when he is dead, and his body is here? Did you not bury him some *moons* ago?" But all they answered was, "But he is still alive." And one endeavouring to make me understand what he meant, took hold of my hand, and squeezing it, said, "Goomaogee hen, mooe bekai maogge."—"This will die, but the life that is within you will never die," with his other hand pointing to my heart.

"This sentiment expressed on such an occasion so unexpectedly, with such animation, and by a young man with whom I was particularly intimate, deeply impressed me. No circumstance more affected my mind during the whole of my continuance in the South-Sea Islands. Such a conviction of the immortality of the soul, expressed by a simple untutored heathen, defies, thought I, all the arguments of presumptuous philosophers, and infidel libertines.

"I was fully satisfied that they believed the soul to be immortal, I endeavoured then to obtain more information, by ap-

pearing ignorant, and desirous of knowledge on the subject. But I could get nothing farther from them. Whatever notions they might have, I conceived the poverty of their language prevented their explaining them upon points so abstract.

“And so immersed was I, at this time, in habits of irreligion, that I felt an aversion of heart, to give them proper instruction; nay, I wished to forget it myself; so much does guilt tie up the tongue, and harden the heart against attempting to do any spiritual good, when opportunities offer; and powerfully impel us to depart still farther from God, in order to gain a refuge from uneasy reflections.

“Afterwards, however, in conversation with some of the chiefs, I discovered that they had more precise ideas on a subject of which the commonalty had only confused and indistinct notions. They supposed that their souls, immediately after the death of the body, were swiftly conveyed away to a far distant island, called Doobludha, where every kind of food was spontaneously produced, and the blessed inhabitants enjoyed perpetual peace and pleasure, under the protection and favour of the god Fliggolayo, who had supreme power over all other Deities, and warded off from his subjects the attempts of all that would molest or injure them. Into this region, however, they believed none were admitted but the chiefs: the tooa, or lower class, therefore, having no hope of sharing such bliss, seldom speculate upon a futurity, which to them appeared a prospect “lost in shadows, clouds, and darkness.”

“All, however, seemed to find consolation in calling upon a Deity, in trouble, or applying to him for a continuance of plenty. They solemnly implored his blessing, when they set their yams, and expressed their gratitude to him, when they gathered them, by offerings to Duatonga, the priest who personated him and interceded for them. Each district also called upon its appropriate god, and each change in the elements summoned them to address its peculiar divinity. Was there a storm:—They called on Calla Filatonga, who, they supposed, was the goddess of the wind. Were they deluged with rain, or parched with heat:—They supplicated Tongaloer, the god of the sky and rain; as they said, the Deity was very angry. Was there an earthquake: They cried out to Mowe, a giant, who, they supposed, supported the island on his shoulders. An instance of this occurred not many months after we had landed at Tongataboo. We had lain down about ten o'clock, after our evening service, to rest; when we were alarmed by a considerable shock: but our alarm was much increased, immediately after, by an universal shout of all the natives within hearing, in every direction. The next day we inquired into the cause of the uproar, and they told us, with

seeming sincerity and unconcern, that the island had been shaken, because the giant Mowe, who supported it upon his shoulders, was become weary of his burden, and was beginning to fall asleep; and that for fear he should stumble and throw the island off his shoulders, they had all cried out as loudly as possible, and beaten the ground with sticks, to awake him: that by their howlings he was roused from his drowsiness, and the island was held as fast as before upon his shoulders.

“At another time, I was upon the sea-shore, when there was felt a smart shock of an earthquake, and I saw two canoes that were lying upon the beach, shaken with it. The natives did not appear at all alarmed; but immediately began to shout as loud as they could, and to beat the ground with sticks, till it was over. I began to ridicule their folly and superstition; but they took no notice of it: they said they were sure Mowe was falling asleep, and they must rouse him; and began again to howl and scream and to strike the earth.

“They supposed also that every man had an *odooa* or particular spirit attending him; and when any thing wonderful excited their attention respecting us or our goods or arts, as was the case with our cuckoo-clock, &c. they would say, “*Oye awa koo odooa foguee!*”—“O dear, he has a spirit!” The *odooa* or particular spirit, which presides, as they suppose, over every one, sends afflictions and maladies if he is angry, and when irreconcilable, occasions the death of the person. It is to render him propitious that the relations so often wound themselves, and sometimes put some of the sick person’s wives or domestics to death.

“By this time, having become very fluent in the language, I extended my acquaintance, and was the companion of the chiefs in most of their expeditions and excursions. They much respected me, and esteemed me as a very entertaining companion; as I could now, with a ready familiarity of language, amuse them with tales and descriptions of European customs, inventions, and events; and understand their remarks and tales in answer. I had it now in my power also to entertain large parties in return, and had learned to join in their amusements with too great facility and pleasure.

“I took pains also to endear myself to the chiefs by timing my presents, and presenting them in the most approved and acceptable manner. My abbee, being in a high state of cultivation, in the scarcest seasons abounded with fruits, and probably it would have been a chief source of supply to Mulkaamair. When scarcity desolated the country around, ripe plantains bended the branches of my trees, of which I would cut twenty branches and send them as a present to Mulkaamair, borne on the shoul-

ders of forty men. This was the etiquette of Tonga: the manner of doing it rendered the present doubly valuable, and no present could be more acceptable and handsome than this, as Mulkaamair liked plantains more than all other fruits.

"Though he was pleased with the presents sent him, yet he had a dignity of spirit, that prevented him, in the scarce seasons, from calling on me, even though he was in the neighbourhood, and but badly supplied with provisions. Had I been a native chief, he would have called without ceremony; but he was above seeking assistance from moolee, or the stranger. He was a man of such boundless generosity, that if I even went to him and asked him to let me have a field of his to cultivate, he would laugh, and say, "go and take it." Hence, whenever I understood he was in the neighbourhood, I always took care to dress a pig, and send it him; and he never omitted to return me equal kindness. This manner of bestowing was surprisingly refined. If he sent me a pig, those who brought it would say, "they had brought a pig, but it was very small, and intended for the servants, if I would permit them, for Mulkaamair's sake, to accept it." The servants then rose, and thanked the bearer, whilst I had only to beckon assent, without any expression of obligation or thanks. When they had departed, the servants would set it before me, and I ordered it to be dressed for the household. When it was ready, perhaps several persons in the neighbourhood would come in to partake of it, as was generally the custom at Tonga.

"But amid all these interchanges of ease and indulgence, employment, and amusement, I could not prevent the intrusion of uneasy reflections. I enjoyed no true peace and happiness, my dereliction of all religion often so pained my conscience as to render me a burden to myself. So true is the declaration of the inspired oracles, "There is no peace to the wicked."

"Whilst proceeding in this career, however, I daily advanced in wealth and dignity. Ere long I purchased more land contiguous to Omotaanee, till my little abbee became a considerable estate. I engaged more labourers to cultivate my fields, and was very industrious in planting, dressing and cleaning them. I increased in favour with the chiefs, who esteemed me as a man of diligence and skill; and in time, I should, it is probable, have become as wealthy as many of the chiefs; as my land was very productive, and freed from the fadangyeer, or tax on labour, described above, which was a great burden to every other estate."

Character of Shakspeare; and Observations on his Tragedies.
By Madame De Stael-Holstein.

[From Boileau's Translation of her "Influence of Literature," &c.]

THE English entertain as profound veneration and enthusiasm for Shakspeare, as any nation perhaps has ever felt for any writer. A free people have a natural love for every thing that can do honour to their country; and this sentiment ought to exclude every species of criticism.

There are beauties of the first order to be found in Shakspeare, relating to every country and every period of time. His faults are those which belonged to the times in which he lived; and the singularities then so prevalent among the English, are still represented with the greatest success upon their theatres. These beauties and eccentricities I shall proceed to examine, as connected with the national spirit of England, and the genius of the literature of the north.

Shakspeare did not imitate the ancients; nor, like Racine, did he feed his genius upon the Grecian tragedies. He composed one piece upon a Greek subject, *Troilus and Cressida*; in which the manners in the time of Homer are not at all observed. He excelled infinitely more in those tragedies which were taken from Roman subjects. But history, and the lives of Plutarch, which Shakspeare appears to have read with the utmost attention, are not purely a literary study; we may therein trace the man almost to a state of existence. When an author is solely penetrated with the models of the dramatic art of antiquity, and when he imitates imitations, he must of course have less originality: he cannot have that genius which draws from nature; that immediate genius, if I may so express myself, which so particularly characterizes Shakspeare. From the times of the Greeks, down to this time, we see every species of literature derived one from another, and all arising from the same source. Shakspeare opened a new field of literature; it was borrowed, without doubt, from the general spirit and colour of the north: but it was Shakspeare who gave to the English literature its impulse, and to their dramatic art its character.

A nation which has carved out its liberty through the horrors of civil war, and whose passions have been strongly agitated, is much more susceptible of the emotion excited by Shakspeare, than that which is caused by Racine. When misfortune lies heavy and for a long time upon a nation, it creates a character, which even succeeding prosperity can never entirely efface. Shakspeare, although he has since been equalled by both English

and German authors, was the first who painted moral affliction in the highest degree: the bitterness of those sufferings of which he gives us the idea, might pass for the phantoms of imagination, if nature did not recognize her own picture in them.

The ancients believed in a fatality, which came upon them with the rapidity of lightning, and destroyed them like a thunderbolt. The moderns, and more especially Shakspeare, found a much deeper source of emotion in a philosophical distress, which was often composed of irreparable misfortunes, of ineffectual exertions, and blighted hopes. But the ancients inhabited a world yet in its infancy; were in possession of but very few histories; and withal were so sanguine in respect to the future, that the scenes of distress painted by them, could never be so heart-rending as those in the English tragedies.

The terror of death was a sentiment, the effects of which, whether from religion or from stoicism, was seldom displayed by the ancients. Shakspeare has represented it in every point of view: he makes us feel that dreadful emotion which chills the blood of him, who, in the full enjoyment of life and health, learns that death awaits him. In the tragedies of Shakspeare, the criminal and the virtuous, infancy and old age, are alike condemned to die, and express every emotion natural to such a situation. What tenderness do we feel, when we hear the complaints of Arthur, a child condemned to death by the order of King John: or when the assassin Tirrel comes to relate to Richard III. the peaceful slumber of the children of Edward? When a hero is painted just going to be deprived of his existence, the grandeur of his character, and the recollection of his achievements, excite the greatest interest: but when men of weak minds, and doomed to an inglorious destiny, are represented as condemned to perish; such as Henry VI, Richard II, and King Lear; the great debates of nature between existence and non-existence absorb the whole attention of the spectators. Shakspeare knew how to paint with genius that mixture of physical emotions and moral reflections which are inspired by the approach of death, when no intoxicating passion deprives man of his intellectual faculties.

Another sentiment which Shakspeare alone knew how to render theatrical, was pity unmixed with admiration for those who suffer;* pity for an insignificant being,† and sometimes for a contemptible one.‡ There must be an infinity of talent to be able to convey this sentiment from real life to the stage, and to

* The death of Catherine of Arragon, in "Henry VIII."

† The Duke of Clarence, in "Richard III."

‡ Cardinal Wolsey, in "Henry VIII."

preserve it in all its force: but when once it is accomplished, the effect which it produces is more nearly allied to reality than any other. It is for the man alone that we are interested, and not by sentiments which are often but a theatrical romance: it is by a sentiment so nearly approaching the impressions of life, that the illusion is still the greater.

Even when Shakspeare represents personages whose career has been illustrious, he draws the interest of the spectators towards them by sentiments purely natural. The circumstances are grand, but the men differ less from other men than those in the French tragedies. Shakspeare makes you penetrate entirely into the glory which he paints: in listening to him, you pass through all the different shades and gradations which lead to heroism; and you arrive at the height without perceiving any thing unnatural.

The national pride of the English, that sentiment displayed in their jealous love of liberty, disposed them much less to enthusiasm for their chiefs than that spirit of chivalry which existed in the French monarchy. In England, they wish to recompence the services of a good citizen; but they have no turn for that unbounded ardour which existed in the habits, the institutions, and the character of the French. That haughty repugnance to unlimited obedience, which at all times characterised the English nation, was probably what inspired their national poet with the idea of assailing the passions of his audience by pity rather than by admiration. The tears which were given by the French to the sublime characters of their tragedies, the English author drew forth for private sufferings: for those who were forsaken; and for such a long list of the unfortunate, that we cannot entirely sympathize with Shakspeare's sufferers without acquiring also some of the bitter experience of real life.

But if he excelled in exciting pity, what energy appeared in his terror! It was from the crime itself that he drew dismay and fear. It may be said of crimes painted by Shakspeare, as the Bible says of death, that he is the *king of terrors*. How skillfully combined are the remorse and the superstition which increases with that remorse in Macbeth.

Witchcraft is in itself much more terrible in its theatrical effect than the most absurd dogmas of religion. That which is unknown, or created by supernatural intelligence, awakens fear and terror to the highest degree. In every religious system, terror is carried only to a certain length, and is always at least founded upon some motive. But the chaos of magic bewilders the mind. Shakspeare, in "Macbeth," admits of fatality, which was necessary in order to procure a pardon for the criminal; but he does not on account of this fatality dispense with the philo-

sophical gradations of the sentiments of the mind. This piece would be still more admirable, if its grand effects were produced without the aid of the marvellous, although this marvellous consists, as one may say, only of phantoms of the imagination, which are made to appear before the eyes of the spectators. They are not mythological personages bringing their fictitious laws or their uninteresting nature amongst the interests of men: they are the marvellous effects of dreams, when the passions are strongly agitated. There is always something philosophical in the supernatural employed by Shakspeare. When the witches announce to Macbeth, that he is to wear the crown; and when they return to repeat the prediction, at the very moment when he is hesitating to follow the bloody counsel of his wife; who cannot see that it is the interior struggle of ambition and virtue which the author meant to represent under those hideous forms?

But he had not recourse to these means in "Richard III.;" and yet he has painted him more criminal still than Macbeth: but his intention was to portray a character without any of those involuntary emotions, without struggles, without remorse, cruel and ferocious as the savage beasts which range the forests; and not as a man who, though at present guilty, had once been virtuous. The deep recesses of crimes were opened to the eyes of Shakspeare, and he descended into the gloomy abyss to observe their torments.

In England, the troubles and civil commotions which preceded their liberty, and which were always occasioned by their spirit of independence, gave rise much oftener than in France to great crimes and great virtues. There are in the English history many more tragical situations than in that of the French; and nothing opposes their exercising their talents upon national subjects.

Almost all the literature of Europe began with affectation. The revival of letters having commenced in Italy, the countries where they were afterwards introduced, naturally imitated the Italian style. The people of the north were much sooner enfranchised than the French in this studied mode of writing; the traces of which may be perceived in some of the ancient English poets, as Waller, Cowley, and others. Civil wars and a spirit of philosophy have corrected this false taste; for misfortune, the impressions of which contain but too much variety, excludes all sentiments of affectation, and reason banishes all expressions that are deficient in justness.

Nevertheless, we find in Shakspeare a few of those studied turns connected even with the most energetic pictures of the passions. There are some imitations of the faults of Italian literature.

rature in "Romeo and Juliet:" but how nobly the English poet rises from this miserable style!—how well does he know how to describe love, even in the true spirit of the north!

In "Othello," love assumes a very different character from that which it bears in "Romeo and Juliet." But how grand, how energetic it appears! how beautifully Shakspeare has represented what forms the tie of the different sexes, *courage* and *weakness*! When Othello protests before the senate of Venice, that the only art which he had employed to win the affection of Desdemona were the perils to which he had been exposed;* how every word he utters is felt by the female sex; their hearts acknowledge it all to be true. They know that it is not flattery, in which consists the powerful art of men to make themselves beloved, but the kind protection which they may afford the timid object of their choice: the glory which they may reflect upon their feeble life, is their most irresistible charm.

The manners and customs of the English relating to the existence of women, were not yet settled in the time of Shakspeare; political troubles had been a great hindrance to social habits. The rank which women held in tragedy, was then absolutely at the will of the author: therefore Shakspeare, in speaking of them, sometimes uses the most noble language that can be inspired by love, and at other times the lowest taste that was popular. This genius, given by passion, was inspired by it, as the priests were by their gods: they gave out oracles when they were agitated; but were no more than men, when calm.

Those pieces taken from the English history, such as the two upon Henry IV, that upon Henry V, and the three upon Henry VI, have an unlimited success in England: nevertheless I believe them to be much inferior in general to his tragedies of invention, "King Lear," "Macbeth," "Hamlet," "Romeo and Juliet," &c. The irregularities of time and place are much more remarkable. In short, Shakspeare gives up to the popular taste in these, more than in any other of his works. The discovery of the press necessarily diminished the condescension of authors to the national taste: they paid more respect to the general opinion of Europe; and though it was of the greatest importance that those pieces which were to be played should meet with success at the representation, since a means was found out of extending their fame to other nations; the writers took more

* What charming verses are those which terminate the justification of Othello, and which La Harpe has so ably translated into truth!

"She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd;
And I lov'd her that she did pity them."—SHAKSPEARE.

"Elle aime mes malheurs, et j'aimai sa pitié."—LA HARPE.

pains to shun those illusions and pleasantries which could please only the people of their own nation. The English, however, were very backward in submitting to the general good taste: their liberty being founded more upon national pride than philosophical ideas, they rejected every thing that came from strangers, both in literature and politics.

Before it would be possible to judge of the effects of an English tragedy, which might be proper for the French stage, an examination remains to be made, which is, to distinguish in the pieces of Shakspeare, that which was written to please the people; the real faults which he committed; and those spirited beauties which the severe rules of the French tragedies exclude from their stage.

The crowd of spectators in England require that comic scenes should succeed tragic effects. The contrast of what is noble with that which is not, as I have observed before, always produces a disagreeable impression upon men of taste. A noble style must have shades; but a too glaring opposition is nothing more than fantasticalness. That play upon words; those licentious equivocations, popular tales, and that string of proverbs, which are handed down from generation to generation, and are, as one may say, the patrimonial ideas of the common people; all these are applauded by the multitude, and censured by reason. These have no connexion with the sublime effects which Shakspeare drew from simple words and common circumstances artfully arranged, which the French most absurdly would fear to bring upon their stage.

Shakspeare, when he wrote the parts of vulgar minds in his tragedies, sheltered himself from the judgment of taste by rendering himself the object of popular admiration: he then conducted himself like an able chief, but not like a good writer.

The people of the north existed during many centuries, in a state that was at once both social and barbarous; which left for a long time the vestiges of the *rude* and *ferocious*. Traces of this recollection are to be found in many of Shakspeare's characters, which are painted in the style that was most admired in those ages, in which they only lived for combats, physical power, and military courage.

We may also perceive in Shakspeare some of the ignorance of his century with regard to the principles of literature; his powers are superior to the Greek tragedies for the philosophy of the passions, and the knowledge of mankind:* but he was

* Among the great number of philosophical traits which are remarked even in the least celebrated works of Shakspeare, there is one with which I was singularly struck. In that piece intitled *Measure for Measure*, Lucien, the friend of Claudius, and brother to Isabella, presses her to go and sue for his

inferior to many with regard to the perfection of the art. Shakspeare may be reproached with incoherent images, prolixity, and useless repetitions: but the attention of the spectators in those days was too easily captivated, that the author should be very strict with himself. A dramatic poet, to attain all the perfection his talents will permit, must neither be judged by impaired age, nor by youth, who find the source of emotion within themselves.

The French have often condemned the scenes of horror represented by Shakspeare; not because they excited an emotion too strong, but because they sometimes destroyed theatrical illusion. They certainly appear to me susceptible of criticism. In the first place, there are certain situations which are only frightful; and the bad imitators of Shakspeare wishing to represent them, produced nothing more than a disagreeable invention, without any of the pleasures which the tragedy ought to produce: and again, there are many situations really affecting in themselves, which nevertheless require stage effect to amuse the attention, and of course the interest.

When the governor of the tower, in which the young Arthur is confined, orders a red-hot iron to be brought, to put out his eyes; without speaking of the atrociousness of such a scene, there must pass upon the stage an action, the imitation of which is impossible, and the attention of the audience is so much taken up with the execution of it, that the moral effect is quite forgotten.

The character of Caliban, in the "Tempest," is singularly original: but the almost animal figure, which his dress must give him, turns the attention from all that is philosophical in the conception of this part.

In reading "Richard III," one of the beauties is what he himself says of his natural deformity. One can feel that the horror which he causes, ought to act reciprocally upon his own mind, and render it yet more atrocious. Nevertheless, can there be any thing more difficult in an elevated style, or more nearly allied to ridicule, than the imitation of an ill-shaped man upon the stage? Every thing in nature may interest the mind; but upon the stage, the illusion of sight must be treated with the

pardon to the governor Angelo, who had condemned his brother to die. Isabella, young and timid, answers, that she fears it would be useless; that Angelo was too much irritated, and would be inflexible, &c. Lucien insists, and says to her,

—— Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we might win
By fearing to attempt.

Who can have lived in a revolution, and not be sensible of the truth of these words?

most scrupulous caution, or every serious effect will be irreparably destroyed.

Shakspeare also represented physical sufferings much too often. Philoctetes is the only example of any theatrical effect being produced by it; and in this instance, it was the heroic cause of his wounds that fixed the attention of the spectators. Physical sufferings may be related, but cannot be represented. It is not the author, but the actor, who cannot express himself with grandeur; it is not the ideas, but the senses, which refuse to lend their aid to this style of imitation.

In short, one of the greatest faults which Shakspeare can be accused of, is his want of simplicity in the intervals of his sublime passages. When he is not exalted, he is affected: he wanted the art of sustaining himself, that is to say, of being as natural in his scenes of transition, as he was in the grand movements of the soul.

Otway, Rowe, and some other English poets, Addison excepted, all wrote their tragedies in the style of Shakspeare: and Otway's "Venice Preserved," almost equalled his model. But the two most truly tragical situations ever conceived by men, were first portrayed by Shakspeare: madness caused by misfortune, and misfortune abandoned to solitude and itself.

Ajax is furious; Orestes is pursued by the anger of the gods; Phædra is consumed by the fever of love; but Hamlet, Ophelia, and King Lear, with different situations and different characters, have all, nevertheless, the same marks of derangement: it is distress alone that speaks in them; every idea of common life disappears before this predominant one: they are alive to nothing but affection; and this affecting delirium of a suffering object seems to set it free from that timidity which forbids us to expose ourselves without reserve to the eyes of pity. The spectators would perhaps refuse their sympathy to voluntary complaints; but they readily yield to the emotion which arises from a grief that cannot answer for itself. Insanity, as portrayed by Shakspeare, is the finest picture of the shipwreck of moral nature, when the storm of life surpasses its strength.

It may be a question whether the theatre of republican France, like the English theatre, will now admit of their heroes being painted with all their foibles, the virtues with their inconclusiveness, and common circumstances connected with elevated situations? In short, will the tragic characters be taken from recollection, from human life, or from the *beautiful ideal*? This is a question which I propose to discuss after having spoken of the tragedies of Racine and Voltaire. I shall also examine, in the second part of this work, the influence which the French revolution is likely to have upon literature.

REMARKABLE CHILD; NATIVE OF AMERICA.

[From the Literary Panorama, for October 1812.]

The following article combines both curiosity and benevolence. We are informed by friends who have closely examined the child, that he justifies this report, *and more*. The account is drawn up by the well known calculator Mr. Francis Baily; and Mr. Bonneycastle, of Woolwich, is the gentleman to whom it is proposed to commit the youth for tuition. That an instance of powers so remarkable should be educated to advantage, must appear highly desirable to all lovers of science; and may, perhaps, be still further recommended by considerations of policy, as well as of benevolence.

London, August 20th, 1812.

THE attention of the philosophical world has been lately attracted by the most singular phenomenon in the history of the human mind that perhaps ever existed. It is the case of a child, under eight years of age, who, without any previous knowledge of the common rules of arithmetic, or even of the use and power of the Arabic numerals, and without having given any particular attention to the subject, possesses (as if by intuition) the singular faculty of solving a great variety of arithmetical questions by the mere operation of the mind, and without the usual assistance of any visible symbol or contrivance.

His name is ZERAH COLBURN, born at Cabut, (a town at the head of Onion river, in the United States of America,) September 1, 1804. In August 1810, although at that time not six years of age, he first began to show those wonderful powers of calculation which have since so much attracted the attention and excited the astonishment of every person who has witnessed his extraordinary abilities. The discovery was made by accident. His father, who had not given him any other instruction than such as was to be obtained at a small school established in that unfrequented and remote part of the country, (and which did not include either *writing or cyphering*,) was much surprised one day to hear him repeating the products of several numbers. Struck with amazement at the circumstance, he proposed a variety of arithmetical questions to him, all of which the child solved with remarkable facility and correctness. The news of this infant prodigy soon circulated through the neighbourhood; and many persons came from distant parts to witness so singular a circumstance. The father, encouraged by the unanimous opinion of all who came to see him, was induced to undertake, with this child, the tour of the United States. They were every

where received with the most flattering expressions: and in the several towns which they visited, various plans were suggested to educate and bring up the child, free from all expense to his family. Yielding, however, to the pressing solicitations of his friends, and urged by the most respectable and powerful recommendations, as well as by a view to his son's more complete education, the father has brought the child to this country, where they arrived on the 12th of May last: and the inhabitants of this metropolis have for these last three months had an opportunity of seeing and examining this wonderful phenomenon; [at the Exhibition Room, Spring Gardens;] and of verifying the reports that have been circulated respecting him.

Many persons of the first eminence for their knowledge in mathematics, and well known for their philosophical inquiries, have made a point of seeing and conversing with him: and have been struck with astonishment at his extraordinary powers. It is correctly true, as stated of him, that—"He will not only determine, with the greatest facility and despatch, the exact number of *minutes or seconds* in any given period of time; but will also solve any other question of a similar kind. He will tell the exact *product* arising from the multiplication of any number, consisting of two, three, or four figures, by any other number consisting of the like number of figures. Or, any number, consisting of six or seven places of figures, being proposed, he will determine, with equal expedition and ease, *all the factors* of which it is composed. This singular faculty consequently extends not only to the *raising of powers*, but also to the extraction of the *square and cube roots* of the number proposed; and likewise to the means of determining whether it be a *prime* number (or a number incapable of division by any other number); for which case there does not exist, at present, any general rule amongst mathematicians." All these, and a variety of other questions connected therewith, are answered by this child with such promptness and accuracy (and in the midst of his juvenile pursuits) as to astonish every person who has visited him.

At a meeting of his friends which was held for the purpose of concerting the best method of promoting the views of the father, this child undertook, and completely succeeded in, raising the number 8 progressively up to the *sixteenth* power!!! and in naming the last result, viz. 281,474,976,710,656, he was right in every figure. He was then tried as to other numbers, consisting of one figure; all of which he raised (by actual multiplication and not by memory) as high as the *tenth* power, with so much facility and despatch, that the person appointed to take down the results, was obliged to enjoin him not to be so rapid! With respect to numbers consisting of two figures, he would raise some of

them to the *sixth*, *seventh*, and *eighth* power; but not always with equal facility: for the larger the products became, the more difficult he found it to proceed. He was asked the *square root* of 106929, and before the number could be written down, he immediately answered 327. He was then required to name the *cube root* of 268,336,125, and with equal facility and promptness he replied 645. Various other questions of a similar nature, respecting the roots and powers of very high numbers, were proposed by several of the gentlemen present, to all of which he answered in a similar manner. One of the party requested him to name the *factors* which produced the number 247483, which he immediately did by mentioning the two numbers 941 and 263; which indeed are the only two numbers that will produce it. Another of them proposed 171395, and he named the following factors as the only ones that would produce it; viz. 5×34279 , 7×24415 , 59×2905 , 83×2065 , 35×4897 , 295×581 , and 413×415 . He was then asked to give the factors of 36083; but he immediately replied that it had none; which in fact was the case, as 36083 is a prime number. Other numbers were indiscriminately proposed to him, and he always succeeded in giving the correct factors, except in the case of prime numbers, which he discovered almost as soon as proposed. One of the gentlemen asked him how many *minutes* there were in forty-eight years; and before the question could be written down he replied 25,228,800: and instantly added, that the number of *seconds* in the same period was 1,513,728,000. Various questions of the like kind were put to him; and to all of them he answered with nearly equal facility and promptitude; so as to astonish every one present, and to excite a desire that so extraordinary a faculty should (if possible) be rendered more extensive and useful.

He positively declares (and every observation made seems to justify the assertion) that he does not know how the answers came into his mind! And moreover, he is entirely ignorant of the common rules of arithmetic, and cannot perform, upon paper, a simple sum in multiplication or division.

It has been already observed, that it was evident, from some singular facts, that the child operated by certain rules known only to himself. This discovery was made in one or two instances, when he had been closely pressed upon that point. In one case he was asked to tell the *square* of 4395: he at first hesitated, fearful that he should not be able to answer it correctly: but when he applied himself to it he said it was 19,316,025. On being questioned as to the cause of his hesitation, he replied that he did not like to multiply four figures by four figures: but, said he, "I found out another way; I multiplied 293 by 293, and

then multiplied this product twice by the number 15, which produced the same result." On another occasion, his highness the Duke of Gloucester asked him the product of 21,734 multiplied by 543: he immediately replied 11,801,562: but, upon some remark being made on the subject, the child said that he had, in his own mind, multiplied 65202 by 181. Now, although in the first instance it must be evident to every mathematician that 4395 is equal to 293×15 , and consequently that $(4395)^2 = (293)^2 \times (15)^2$; and further that in the second case 543 is equal to 181×3 , and consequently that $21734 \times (181 \times 3) = (21734 \times 3) \times 181$; yet, it is not the less remarkable that this combination should be immediately perceived by the child, and we cannot the less admire his ingenuity in thus seizing instantly the easiest method of solving the question proposed to him.

It must be evident from what has here been stated, that the singular faculty which this child possesses is not altogether dependent upon his memory. In the *multiplication* of numbers and in the *raising of powers*, he is doubtless considerably assisted by that remarkable quality of the mind: and in this respect he might be considered as bearing some resemblance (if the difference of age did not prevent the justness of the comparison) to the celebrated JEDEDIAH BUXTON, and other persons of similar note. But in the *extraction of the roots* of numbers, and in determining their *factors* (if any,) it is clear, to all those who witness the astonishing quickness and accuracy of this child, that the memory has little or nothing to do with the process. And in this particular point consists the remarkable difference between the present and all former instances of an apparently similar kind.

It has been recorded as an astonishing effort of memory that the celebrated EULER (who, in the science of analysis, might vie even with NEWTON himself,) could remember the first six powers of every number under 100. This, probably, must be taken with some restrictions; but, if true to the fullest extent, it is not more astonishing than the efforts of this child: with this additional circumstance in favour of the latter, that he is capable of verifying, in a very few seconds, every figure which he may have occasion for.

We may be permitted to hope and expect that those wonderful talents, which are so conspicuous at this early age, may by a suitable education be considerably improved and extended: and that some new light will eventually be thrown upon those subjects, for the elucidation of which his mind appears to be peculiarly formed by nature, since he enters into the world with all those powers and faculties which are not even attainable by the most eminent at a more advanced period of life. Every mathe-

matician must be aware of the important advantages which have sometimes been derived from the most simple and trifling circumstances; the full effect of which has not always been evident at first sight. To mention one singular instance of this kind. The very simple improvement of expressing the powers and roots of quantities by means of *indices*, introduced a new and general *arithmetic of exponents*: and this algorithm of powers led the way to the *invention of logarithms*, by means of which, all arithmetical computations are so much facilitated and abridged. Perhaps this child possesses a knowledge of some more important properties connected with this subject; and although he is incapable at present of giving any satisfactory account of the state of his mind, or of communicating to others the knowledge which it is so evident he does possess, yet there is every reason to believe that when his mind is more cultivated and his ideas more expanded, he will be able not only to divulge the mode by which he at present operates, but also to point out some new sources of information on this interesting subject.

The case is certainly one of great novelty and importance: and every literary character and every friend to science must be anxious to see the experiment fairly tried as to the effect which a suitable education may produce on a mind constituted as his appears to be. With this view a number of gentlemen have taken the child under their patronage, and have formed themselves into a Committee for the purpose of superintending his education. Application has been made to a gentleman of science, well known for his mathematical abilities, who has consented to take the child under his immediate tuition: the Committee therefore propose to withdraw him, for the present, from public exhibition, in order that he may fully devote himself to his studies. But whether they shall be able wholly to accomplish the object they have in view, will depend upon the assistance which they may receive from the public: and they take this opportunity of inviting the friends of science to support a plan which promises to be attended with so many advantages.

THE DRAMA.

In the following account of the opening of the splendid New Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, there is such a whimsical display of national and individual character, that we cannot refrain from laying it entire before our readers. The managers, it seems, had offered a prize for the best poetical address that should be presented, to be delivered on the occasion. About a hundred candidates offered, and the prize was adjudged to Lord Byron,* the illustrious author of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, and other poems. A great clamour ensued among the rival candidates; the judges were accused of partiality; the "irritable tribe," of Grub Street flew to arms, and a terrible scene of ink shed was anticipated. Dr. Busby, of musical renown, seems openly to have taken the field; and, with a gallantry and hardihood, seldom witnessed among the timid sons of song, has stood forth the champion and eulogist of his own Muse. The scene as described, would make an admirable companion picture to Hogarth's enraged musician.

[From the *European Magazine*, for October, 1812.]

FIRST APPEARANCE OF MR. GEORGE FREDERICK BUSBY.

AFTER the play on Wednesday night, October 14, 1812, one of the most singular scenes occurred that we ever witnessed in a theatre, on or off the stage. The curtain had scarcely descended, when a Gentleman who was in the pit, close to the stage, rose and addressed the audience with great earnestness. We were at too great a distance to hear him distinctly. We understood him to request their attention to that which he had to state, and he was confident that when they were in possession of the circumstances which he wished to unfold, his conduct would cease to create surprise. He was still endeavouring to speak when the curtain was again drawn up, which is now necessary (in the absence of the stage doors,) when the play of the next day is announced. Holland advanced to give out the play, and appeared quite confounded to find another in possession of the house. The unknown seemed to insist upon his right to precedence, and exerted himself to the utmost to obtain a hearing before another was permitted to speak. Holland came forward, and it was difficult to determine which was most confused, the Gentleman in the pit, or the Actor on the stage. The audience, as is usual whenever a theatrical dispute arises, took different parts in the controversy, and some were clamorous that the one should be listened to, and some that the other should be heard. Holland now appeared to recover from his surprise, and reflecting that it was not of the greatest importance that what he had to say should be heard, announced the play in the midst of the tumult, and retired. The Gentleman again endeavoured

* For this address see the poetical department.

to make himself heard, but without success.—The cries of “*Hear!*” “*Silence!*” &c., which burst from all parts of the theatre, completely overpowered his efforts, and we could not catch a single word. He then displayed a paper, which it was understood he wished to read. The audience now intimated a wish that he would get on the stage, and with this wish, often repeated, he at length complied. On making his first appearance on these boards, he met with “the usual indulgence,” and was loudly applauded. He walked nearly across the stage, and made a most profound bow to the audience, and was about to speak, when Mr. Raymond entered from behind. He advanced to the front of the stage, and made a stand very near the *unknown*, and both stood bowing to the audience for some time; both then attempted to address the audience, and the audience, *tired of addresses*, hissed both. Mutually disappointed in this, they now addressed each other, and, from the manner in which this conference commenced, with profound bowing to each other, it was supposed by part of the audience that they were about to rehearse the first scene in *Tom Thumb*. Both again attempted to speak, without being heard. The voice of the audience seemed in favour of the *unknown*—and Mr. Raymond perceiving this, at length intimated, “that if it was the wish of the house to hear that gentleman, he (Mr. R.) would give place to him.” This was followed by applause, and Mr. Raymond made his *exit*. The gentleman once more endeavoured to make himself heard, but without effect; though, from his earnest manner, and impassioned gestures, many were as anxious to hear him, as he was to be heard. Silence, however, could not be obtained, and the utmost confusion prevailed in the theatre, some calling to him to “*go on*,” and others to “*go off*.” Matters stood thus when Mr. Raymond entered again. He remained on the stage but a very few moments, and, after exchanging a few words with the *unknown*, retired. The latter made a new appeal to the audience, which was not more fortunate than his former effort—and clasping his hands with vexation, he seemed at a loss what step to take, when the entrance of two *suspicious characters* (their first appearance on this stage) attracted his attention. These persons, who like *Rosencrantz* and *Guildenstern*, were *sent for*, like *Rosencrantz* and *Guildenstern*, crossed *Hamlet* (the *unknown*) “to get the wind of him.” One of them now approached him, and made some *pointed* observations as we guess, from his *pointing* to one corner of the stage. This not being properly attended to, he rudely seized the Gentleman, who, endeavouring to regain his former station in the pit, found his retreat cut off by the *suspicious* character, who, as well as the first, proved to be a Police Officer. These persons bore him

from the stage in custody, amidst a tumult of hisses, mingled with expressions of approbation.

The farce of *The Bee Hive* commenced, and Mr. Penson, who, as *Mingle*, first came forward, met with so rude a reception, that he was obliged to retreat. After a pause of a minute or two, he again made his appearance, and the storm again rose so high, that it was impossible for him to proceed in his part. He now appealed to the audience, stated himself to be placed in a very awkward situation, and solicited their indulgence. This had not the effect of appeasing the assembly, and he again left the stage.

Mr. Raymond once more came forward, and was allowed to speak, an indulgence of which he availed himself in the following manner:

“*Ladies and Gentlemen*,—I wish most respectfully to ask what is your wish?”

“Explanation.”—“Bring forward the man.”—“Why did you seize him?” and a hundred other exclamations burst at once from the audience.

Mr. Raymond then went on—“An unknown person has this night attempted to disturb your entertainment—”

Here he was interrupted by several persons in the pit, who contended that the person was not unknown, and that he had not attempted to disturb the entertainment of the audience.

Mr. Raymond mentioned, that he had disturbed the audience, stated it to be his duty to prevent any disturbance, and appealed to the house if it was regular for any person to leave another part of the house, and come on the stage to address them.

The farce was then resumed, but experienced great opposition at first; this, however, soon died away, and the evening's performance met with no other interruption.

We understand that the Gentleman who attempted to address the audience, was George Frederic Busby, Esq. The subject of his intended appeal was, we believe, to vindicate the TALENT of the country from the odium cast upon it by the choice of the existing Address. This object he intended to effect by the recitation of MONOLOGUE, *previously seen by the Committee of Drury Lane*, written by his father, Dr. Busby.

The Rivals and *Turn Out* were performed on Thursday. The comedy went off with great applause, and we were much rejoiced to see our old favourite Bannister in *Acres*. The company, altogether, may be considered very strong in Comedy and Opera; the Managers, we know, are determined to spare no expense in engaging the most eminent talents, and we hope their laudable zeal will be seconded by public encouragement.

FIRST APPEARANCE OF DR. BUSBY, AND SECOND APPEARANCE
OF MR. GEORGE FREDERIC BUSBY.

Immediately on the conclusion of the Comedy, Dr. Busby, who was in the first seat of the third tier of boxes, presented himself to the audience, and bowing respectfully to all parts of the house, attempted to address them. For some minutes, however, the tumult was so great of friends and foes, hisses and plaudits, that not a single sentence could be heard. As soon as any thing like silence could be obtained, the Doctor proceeded thus:

"I am Doctor Busby, a lover, a member, of the Drama, and a friend to the Theatre—(*Loud cheering, hisses, and hear him!*) Ladies and Gentlemen, by some I may be blamed for taking this method of addressing you, as being humiliating to a Gentleman; but I can see no greater impropriety in speaking from the public box of a public theatre, than from a forum, or from the hustings at an election.—(*Loud cheering, with some disapprobation.*)—Ladies and Gentlemen—for the talents and qualifications of the Right Hon. Noble and illustrious Lord, who wrote the Address which you have heard this night recited to you, I have the highest respect—(*Applause and hisses.*)—It is well known, that for several weeks, the Committee, appointed to manage the concerns of this Theatre, have, by public advertisement, courted the exertions of the literary world, to prepare an Address to be spoken at the opening of the truly magnificent structure. This was on their part noble and praiseworthy, but it must be allowed on all hands that, however right they have been in intention, they have most lamentably erred in judgment—" (*Here the noise and tumult was so great, that the Doctor for some minutes could not proceed.*)

The number of persons who condescended to furnish addresses, he believed, had exceeded one hundred, and those who thought that out of such a number a better could not have been selected, did not think so highly of the poetical talent of the country as he did. Among them it must be believed that some were very fine. He himself knew of four or five of that description.—(*Cries of "Your own and your son's were among them."*)

The bell now rung for the first music, and the voice of the speaker was lost in the sounds which came from the orchestra. When the music ceased, he again attempted to address the house. The curtain, however, at this moment rose for the Farce. Mr. Horn entered, but was obliged, by the voice of the audience, to retire. After a short pause, he again came on with Mr. Knight, and attempted to commence the performance, but the cries of "Off, off," were so loud, that it was impossible for

them to go on. Both left the stage, and Mr. Raymond made his appearance. Silence being obtained, he addressed the audience in these words:

“*Ladies and Gentlemen*,—Is it your wish that we should proceed with the *Farce*?”

The audience seemed generally to signify a wish that the performance should go on, and Mr. Raymond bowed and retired. The *Farce* recommenced, but the tumult continued so high, that for some time nothing could be heard.* It subsided towards the close of the first scene, and went on without interruption. Dr. Busby resumed his seat, having been desired by several persons to defer what he had to say till the entertainment was over. At the end of the first act the Doctor rose again, but had not time to speak before the second commenced. The performance over, he once more presented himself.

“I have a strong, a powerful motive,” says he, “for requesting your attention. I am a friend to this Theatre. I wish to open the way to superexcellence, to bring forward strong and powerful talent instead of letting it sink into oblivion. Gentlemen, I am a friend to merit, and more especially to modest merit.—My son is now in the house with an Address which I had prepared for the opening of this Theatre, and nothing would be a greater pride and satisfaction to me than that he should be allowed by the Managers to rehearse it on the stage, if you will give him leave.”

This was immediately acceded to with loud and reiterated bursts of applause. At this happy moment, however, when all seemed to favour the Doctor’s wishes, he was rudely seized by two Bow-street Officers, who rudely dragged him out of the box, and forced him towards the saloon. The scene of interest was now changed, and the lobbies became in a moment scarcely passable from the crowd who poured out of the body of the house. Doctor Busby, who seemed to be under the protection of Minerva as well as of Apollo, took advantage of this incident with uncommon presence of mind; and instantly commenced a

* During the course of the first act of *Turn Out*, which was the *Farce*, Mr. Dowton took occasion to give a bye-blow to the discomfited Doctor. He asserted, as one of the complaints against a misjudging world, “which had rejected many of his works of genius, that he had sent twenty most noble Addresses for Drury Lane Theatre, none of which had been accepted by the Committee. He was, therefore, determined to go to the Play-house himself, and recite them.” This allusion was received with unbounded approbation. In consequence of the derogatory exclusion which had been threatened to Dr. Busby, the following verse of Knight’s song was also loudly cheered.

Poor Poets must often *turn out*, *turn out*,
 Poor Poets must often *turn out*;
 And though often they wait,
 Expecting their fate,
 They discover too late,
 Like the rest, they must quickly *turn out*, *turn out*.

battle which lasted toughly on both sides, till the combatants now swelled to the amount of the whole audience. He was, however, forced along to the great stairs, and was in the very crisis of fate and Bow-street, when he made another effort for victory, by making a lodgment on the steps. The gravity which might have been prejudicial to the poet was the most fortunate thing possible for the pugilist; and sitting on the steps, not all the force of all the Bow-street officers could shake him. So much fortitude was not to be abandoned; the spirit of the audience was moved within them,—the officers were kicked ignominiously to the foot of the stairs,—the Doctor borne triumphantly through the corridors, and reinstated in the boxes in all the pride of victory. He there recommenced the interrupted speech, and informed the house, that

“Considering himself now the champion of their rights, and also as much a freeman as he was a conqueror, he should give them the opportunity of hearing SUCH A MONOLOGUE AS THEY SELDOM HEARD—(*Cries of Bravo—The Prologue—Go on, Doctor.*)—He acknowledged their kind partiality with more than common gratitude, for more than common compliment to his Muse; but he must now mention, that if they were as sincere as he was in their desire to hear his verses, they must hear them from his son, who had been all this while stationed in the pit with the monologue by heart, that they might have the power of judging for themselves. It was, however, necessary that they should secure him from being hustled off, in the performance of this his duty to the public.”

After this speech, which was almost unintelligible from hisses and plaudits, Mr. Busby, jun. prepared to mount the stage. At the same moment Mr. Raymond came out, and seemed proposing to address the house, when finding its sense determined, he retired, saying, as we understood, that the reciter should not be interrupted. Mr. Busby then began, and if the distinctness of his elocution had been equal to the energy of his gesture, Lord Byron must have “hid his diminished head;” but, by peculiar ill fortune, with the exception of the few first lines, in consequence of the uproar, and the weakness of the voice of the reciter, we were left to our bare imaginations.

The audience listened, but the reciter was still inaudible; he continued the recitation for some time, when he was stopped by the following address from a person in the boxes:

“MR. BUSBY,—I would advise you to go home, if you cannot make use of a stronger voice. You ought not to presume to get on that stage to detain the company, if you cannot speak so that we may distinctly hear; and I must tell you, that not a

word of what you say can be understood here from the smallness of your voice, however elegant and large your ideas may be."

Mr. Busby requested a hearing, and proceeded for some time longer. Frequent interruptions, however, marred all his efforts, and without reaching the conclusion of his Address, he may be said to have ended as he began.

We subjoin a few of the introductory lines of the good Doctor's monologue, as a faithful specimen of the whole.

WHEN energizing objects men pursue,
What are the prodigies they cannot do?
A magic edifice you here survey,
Shot from the ruins of the other day!
As Harlequin had smote the slumberous heap:
And bade the rubbish to a fabric leap.
Yet at the speed you'd never be amazed,
Knew you the *zeal* with which the pile was rais'd:
Nor ever here your smiles would be repress,
Knew you the *rival flame* that fires our breast.
Flame! fire and flame! sad, heart-appalling sounds,
Dread metaphors, that ope our healing wounds—
A sleeping pang awake—and——But away
With all reflections that would cloud the day
That this triumphant, brilliant prospect brings;
Where Hope, reviving re-expands her wings;
Where generous joy exults—where duteous ardour springs.

ANECDOTES OF BONAPARTE AND THE EMPRESS MARIA
LOUISA.—BY GENERAL SARRAZIN.

[From La Belle Assemblée.]

The Empress Maria Louisa, on her arrival at Compiègne, was very much astonished to find in her apartments the very same furniture as in those she occupied at Vienna. Berthier had got all packed up and sent by post-carriages. He was present when Maria Louisa was so agreeably surprised, and received her thanks for that attention. He immediately replied, that he had only executed the Emperor's orders. "I supposed so, Sir," said her majesty to him, "but I ought to thank you for your zeal, in so well fulfilling the smallest intentions of my husband." Berthier had carried the gallantry of Bonaparte so far as to send off many animals, amongst which was a canary, which sung delightfully, and to which Maria Louisa was very partial.

When Bonaparte was alone for the first time with his young wife, we may well imagine he made her the strongest protestations, as is the custom of all newly married men. He said amongst many other *fashionable* sentiments, that he should esteem himself the happiest of men, if, by his attentions to prevent her smallest wishes, he should succeed in rendering him-

self worthy of her love. Maria Louisa answered, that that would not be very difficult, since she had loved him before she knew him. Bonaparte, notwithstanding the suavity with which that assurance must have filled his heart, appeared incredulous, and told her, "I thank you for the flattering compliment you have the goodness to make me, and I beg you to believe, I shall neglect nothing to deserve it."—"I tell you only what I really think," replied Maria Louisa. "I am of a family in which the love of glory is hereditary, and you have acquired so much of it, that my avowal ought not to be suspected." We are assured, that at these words, Bonaparte could no longer conceal his feelings, that he threw himself at the knees of the Empress, who hastily raised him up; they tenderly embraced, and swore to one another an eternal attachment. As Bonaparte's happiness would have been imperfect, if this had not been known, he took the first opportunity of relieving his mind, by imparting the adventure to Berthier, Duroc, and other confidants, who each on their part caused this communication to be rapidly circulated that the public might be informed of it.

Upon Maria Louisa's arrival at Paris, she was visited by the most distinguished personages of the ancient court. The high nobility of the Fauxbourg St. Germain, till then invincible, and who had pertinaciously refused all Bonaparte's invitations, could not resist the satisfaction of imparting to an Austrian Archduchess, the deep regret which they had felt for these fifteen years, at the dreadful catastrophe of her august aunt. "It is in vain, answered that princess, that we seek to oppose the decrees of Providence. Too much goodness brought my unfortunate relations to the scaffold. It is possible that my husband and myself may experience the same fate, but it is certain it will be from *another motive*." The dignified tone of the Empress, a profound sigh which escaped her, and some tears which so sorrowful a recollection drew from her, gave the whole assembly a very high idea of the nobleness of her character, of the justness of her understanding, and the sensibility of her soul.

The following anecdote serves to prove that Bonaparte does not frighten all the world. Whilst he was visiting the quays at Boulogne, the Empress was taking an airing in a boat in the interior of the port; she even went as far as the Estran. On her return, she perceived Bonaparte, who was waiting for her. On quitting the vessel, her foot slipped, and she would have fallen down, if General Vandamme, who held her hand, had not supported her, by putting his arm round her waist. Bonaparte, who was at about ten paces distant with the engineer, perceived the accident; he ran up, and said rather angrily, "What! do you not yet know, Madam, how to use your feet properly?" Maria

Louisa, without being disconcerted at this apostrophe, looked at him steadily, and said jocularly, "To hear you speak thus, Sir, would not one think that you never made a false step in your life?" This reproach was made in that tone, mixed with sweetness and dignity, which can only be acquired by an union of the favours of nature and the benefits of superior education. Bonaparte felt how much he was in the wrong, and although little accustomed to such remonstrances, he replied very submissively, "I beg, Madam, you will excuse my abruptness, and only attribute it to the fear occasioned by the idea of the harm a fall might do you."—"Since that is the case," said the Empress, still smiling, "I forgive you; give me your arm." So much good nature forced the *Corsican bear* to smoothen his countenance, so far as to show his yellow teeth, a thing which very seldom happened to him at Boulogne since his nomination as Emperor. A painter might have made a very interesting picture in catching at that moment the features of those two personages. Bonaparte is very ugly; but to form a just idea of him, one must have seen him by the side of Maria Louisa, of whom we cannot give a truer description, than by observing that she is in beauty and graces what Bonaparte is in brutality of tone and coarse manners. The anecdote I have just cited happened at Boulogne, on the 25th of May 1810. Although without guards, Bonaparte and the Empress passed through an immense crowd, who cried out with enthusiasm, *Long live the Empress*, but they rarely heard the cry of *Long live the Emperor*. If he had been alone, he would have taken care not to have gone out without being preceded and followed by a crowd of generals and officers. He sufficiently knows the gallant character of the French, to be well convinced that Maria Louisa is a better safeguard to him than all his Cuirassiers and Polish lancers; which serves to prove that the assassination of Lewis the Sixteenth and Maria Antoinette ought alone to be attributed to a few villanous and venal souls, and that the French nation is innocent of it; the experience of several ages proves, that no people surpass the French in their love for their sovereigns.

THE ORIGINAL BLUE BEARD.

As this extraordinary personage has long been the theme, not only of children's early study and terror, and as no after-piece had ever a greater run than that splendid and popular musical entertainment which bears the title of *Blue Beard*, our readers will, no doubt, be gratified in perusing the character of

that being, who really existed, and who was distinguished, in horror and derision, by that appellation.

He was the famous Gilles, Marquis de Laval, a Marshal of France, and a General of uncommon intrepidity, and greatly distinguished himself in the reigns of Charles the VI. and VII. by his courage; particularly against the English, when they invaded France. He rendered those services to his country which were sufficient to immortalize his name, had he not for ever tarnished his glory by the most horrible and cruel murders, blasphemies, and licentiousness of every kind. His revenues were princely, but his prodigality was sufficient to render an Emperor a bankrupt. Wherever he went he had in his suite a seraglio, a company of players, a band of musicians, a society of sorcerers, an almost incredible number of cooks, packs of dogs of various kinds, and above two hundred led horses. Mezeray, an author of the highest repute, says, that he encouraged and maintained men, who called themselves sorcerers, to discover hidden treasures, and corrupted young persons of both sexes to attach themselves to him, and afterwards killed them for the sake of their blood, which was requisite to form his charms and incantations. These horrid excesses may be believed, when we reflect on the age of ignorance and barbarity in which they were, certainly, but too often practised. He was, at length, for a state crime against the Duke of Brittany, sentenced to be burnt alive in a field at Nantes, 1440; but the Duke of Brittany, who was present at his execution, so far mitigated the sentence, that he was first strangled, then burnt, and his ashes buried. Though he was descended from one of the most illustrious families in France, he declared, previous to his death, that all his horrible excesses were owing to his wretched education.

Fashionable Magazine.

HOSPITALITY OF THE ELAUTS.

[From the Sporting Magazine, for September, 1812.]

To the Editor,

SIR,—The following account of the hospitality of the Elauts, as related in Mr. MORIER's entertaining and interesting "*Journey through Persia, Armenia, and Asia Minor, to Constantinople*," reminds us so much of those delightful sketches of the primitive manners so beautifully and so frequently delineated in Sacred History, that it cannot but prove highly gratifying to the generality of your readers.—I am, Sir, &c.

AN EASTERN TRAVELLER.

"We travelled an hour and a half, in one of the clearest and most beautiful mornings that the heavens ever produced; and passing on our left the two villages of Dizzeh and Kizzil-Dizzeh, we came to an opening of a small plain, covered with the black tents and cattle of the Elauts. Here also we had a view of Mount Ararat; the clouds no longer rested on its summit, but circled round it below. We went to the largest tent in the plain, and there enjoyed an opportunity of learning that the hospitality of these people is not exaggerated. As soon as it was announced at the tent that strangers were coming, every thing was in motion: some carried their horses to the best pastures, others spread carpets for us; one was dispatched to the flock to bring a fat lamb; the women immediately made a preparation for cooking, and we had not sat long before two large dishes of stewed lamb, with several basins of *Taourt*, were placed before us. The senior of the tribe, an old man (by his own account, indeed, more than eighty-five years of age), dressed in his best clothes, came out to us, and welcomed us to his tent, with such kindness, yet with such respect, that his sincerity could not be mistaken. He was still full of activity and fire, although he had lost all his teeth, and his beard was as white as the snow on the venerable mountain near his tent. The simplicity of his manners, and the interesting scenery around, reminded me, in the strongest colours, of the life of the Patriarchs, and more immediately of Him, whose history is inseparable from the mountains of Ararat. Nothing indeed could accord better with the spot, than the figure of our ancient host. His people were a part of the tribe of Jelalee, and their principal seat was Brivan, but ranged through the country:

"And pastur'd on from verdant stage to stage,
Where fields and fountains fresh could best engage.
Toil was not then: of nothing took they heed;
But with wild beasts the sylvan war to wage,
And o'er vast plains their herds and flocks to feed:
Blest sons of nature they! true golden age indeed."

Castle of Indolence.

POETRY.

ADDRESS BY LORD BYRON.

Spoken by Mr. Elliston, at the Opening of the New Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.

IN one dread night our city saw, and sighed,—
Bow'd to the dust, the Drama's tower of pride,
In one short hour,—beheld the blazing fane,
Apollo sink, and Shakspeare cease to reign.

Ye who beheld, O sight, admired and mourned,
Whose radiance mocked the ruin it adorned!
Through clouds of fire, the massy fragments riven,
Like Israel's pillar, chase the night from heaven,
Saw the long column of revolving flames
Shake its red shadow o'er the startled Thames,
While thousands, thronged around the burning dome,
Shrank back appalled, and trembled for their home;
As glared the volumed blaze, and ghastly shone
The skies, with lightnings awful as their own;
Till blackening ashes and the lonely wall
Usurped the Muse's realm, and marked her fall;
Say—shall this new nor less aspiring pile,
Reared, where once rose the mightiest in our isle,
Know the same favour which the former knew,
A shrine for Shakspeare—worthy him and *you*?

Yes—it shall be—The magic of that name
Defies the sithe of time, the torch of flame,
On the same spot still consecrates the scene,
And bids the Drama *be* where she hath *been*:—
This fabric's birth attests the potent spell,
Indulge our honest pride, and say, *How well!*
As soars this fane to emulate the last,
Oh! might we draw our omens from the past,
Some hour propitious to our prayers, may boast
Names such as hallow still the dome we lost.
On Drury first your Siddons' thrilling art
O'erwhelmed the gentlest, stormed the sternest heart;
On Drury, Garrick's latest laurels grew,
Here your last tears retiring Roscius drew,
Sighed his last thanks, and wept his last adieu. }
But still for living wit the wreathes may bloom
That only *waste* their odours o'er the tomb.
Such Drury claimed and claims,—nor you refuse
One tribute to revive his slumbering muse,
With garlands deck your own Menander's head!
Nor hoard your honours idly for the dead!

Dear are the days which made our annals bright,
Ere Garrick fled, or Brinsley ceased to write,
Heirs to their labours, like all high-born heirs,
Vain of *our* ancestry, as they of theirs.
While thus Remembrance borrows Banquo's glass,
To claim the sceptered shadows as they pass,
And we the mirror hold, where imaged shine
Immortal names, emblazoned on our line:
Pause—ere their feebleness you condemn,
Reflect how hard the task to rival them!

Friends of the Stage—to whom both Players and Plays
 Must sue alike for pardon, or for praise,
 Whose judging voice and eye alone direct
 The boundless power to cherish or reject,
 If e'er frivolity has led to fame,
 And made us blush that you forbear to blame,
 If e'er the sinking stage could condescend
 To sooth the sickly taste it dare not mend,
 All past reproach may present scenes refute,
 And censure, wisely loud, be justly mute!
 Oh! since your fiat stamps the Drama's laws,
 Forbear to mock us with misplaced applause—
 So pride shall doubly nerve the actor's powers,
 And Reason's voice be echo'd back by ours!
 This greeting o'er,—the ancient rule obey'd,
 The Drama's homage by her herald paid,
 Receive *our* welcome too,—whose every tone
 Springs from our hearts, and fain would win your own.
 The curtain rises—may our stage unfold
 Scenes not unworthy Drury's days of old!—
 Britons our judges, Nature for our guide,
 Still may *we* please, long—long may you preside.

SCOTT'S ROKEBY.

[It is with pleasure we learn, that Messrs. Bradford and Inskeep, with their characteristic diligence and enterprise, have procured a copy of ROKEBY, the new poem by Walter Scott, previous to its publication in England. They have put it to press, and it will be soon before the public. The following description of the Heroine is from the fourth canto, and presents an exquisite picture of feminine loveliness.]

Wreathed in its dark-brown rings, her hair
 Half hid Matilda's forehead fair,
 Half hid and half revealed to view
 Her full dark eye of hazel hue.
 The rose, with faint and feeble streak,
 So lightly tinged the maiden's cheek,
 That you had said her hue was pale;—
 But if she faced the summer gale,
 Or spoke, or sung, or quicker moved,
 Or heard the praise of those she loved,
 Or when of interest was expressed
 Aught that waked feeling in her breast,
 The mantling blood in ready play
 Rivalled the blush of rising day.
 There was a soft and pensive grace,
 A cast of thought upon her face,
 That suited well the forehead high
 The eye-lash dark and downcast eye;
 The mild expression spoke a mind
 In duty firm, composed, resign'd;—
 'Tis that which Roman art has given
 To mark their maiden Queen of heaven.
 In hours of sport, that mood gave way
 To fancy's light and frolic play,

And when the dance, or tale, or song,
 In harmless mirth sped time along,
 Full oft her doating sire would call
 His Maud the merriest of them all.
 But days of War, and civil crime,
 Allow'd but ill such festal time,
 And her soft pensiveness of brow
 Had deepen'd into sadness now.

“TO MY AULD COAT.”

[From the Poems of William Ingram.]

“Farewell! Farewell! long hast thou worn,
 Though thread-bare, clouted now, and torn,
 A trusty servant, 'een and morn,
 To me thou'st been;
 And gratefu' still I winna scorn,
 My guid auld frien'.

“A bield thou wast in stormy weather;
 And mony a blast we've brav'd together;
 And mony a time did I consider,
 With dowie mane,
 What way I wad procure anither,
 When thou wast gane.

“I ne'er was fond of being braw,
 And poets maun na often fa'
 To cast their duddy claise awa'
 When they twin bare;
 Their thraldom aften is na sma'
 Ere they get mair.

“Ance on a day I was right vain
 To countenance thee as my ain,
 And to protect thee frae the rain
 Wi' jerkin blue,
 That stormy weather might na stain
 Thy glossy hue.

“Corroding Time! thy tooth devours
 The brazen walls of massy towers,
 And levels potentates and powers
 To low estate;
 Nor strength nor beauty here insures
 A better fate.

“Since the best things decay and rot,
 Need I repine that my auld coat,
 Is doom'd to share the common lot,
 And yield to time:
 Like it I soon shall be forgot—
 For a' my rhyme.”

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

A new Poem, from the pen of Walter Scott, was to make its appearance about the first of January. It would be entitled *Rokeby*: the story, it was whispered, was connected with some of the events about the period of the civil wars of Charles I. Mr. Scott had been in Yorkshire, in the neighbourhood of *Rokeby*, collecting materials historical and descriptive. The printer had already paid 3000*l.* sterling for the poem, and, having advertised it prematurely, was obliged to begin printing the commencement, before Mr. Scott had written the conclusion. The latter, however, writes with great facility, composing at the rate of a hundred lines in a day, and seemed in no apprehension of being behind hand.

Mr. Rogers, author of the *Pleasures of Memory*, &c. has lately sent to press a Poem on the subject of Columbus's discovery of America, which he has been several years engaged in writing. It is expected that it will make some noise in the literary world.

The learned Mr. Fea is employed on a new edition of Horace, the text of which will be corrected by a copy hitherto unknown, preserved in the library of the Vatican.

A work by the late Dr. Robertson, the celebrated historian, is in the press, on the grounds of Protestantism; or the causes which contributed to the secession of our forefathers from the errors and corruptions of the church of Rome.

Mr. G. Townsend of Trinity College, Cambridge, has at length finished his long promised poem of *Armagedden*, in twelve books. It is expected to be published about next Easter.

Mr. Picquot has written a new treatise on Geography, in which Ancient Geography is included—a feature of novelty as well as utility for school purposes.

A volume of the most interesting and least exceptionable comedies of Aristophanes, translated by Cumberland, Fielding, Dunster, &c. has been published, handsomely printed, in uniformity with the new edition of Colman's translation of Terence.

A new periodical publication was proposed in London, under the title of *The Author's Review, and Literary Protector*; the object of which will be, to rescue works of importance from the attacks of uncandid and partial critics. It was to commence in January.

RECENT AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS.

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